



The magazine devoted to pleasure

THE

DUDE

K

JANUARY, 1957

**NELSON ALGREN
HENRY MILLER
ROBERT BENCHLEY
MICHAEL SHAARA**

JANUARY, 1957

THE DUDE

VOLUME 1 NO. 3 '57

Fifty Cents



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...

An unusual, unforgettable story by Nobel Prize Winner **WILLIAM FAULKNER**
PAUL BOWLES tells a savage tale of lust and violence
Sexpert **ERIC MOTT** is off on another bacchanalia
BUDD SCHULBERG spins a choice fight yarn
You'll learn how to brew Abyssinian beer

*There'll be lots of surprises, too. A glamorous,
bewitching new **MISS DUDE**... a camera's-eye tour
of the world of pleasure... everything designed to cater
to the cosmopolitan taste. For the kind of stories
you like to read, watch for the next issue of*

THE DUDE

The magazine devoted to pleasure





THE DUDE



THE LITTLE RED HOOD THAT RODE — camera sequence	2	Zoltan Glass
HEY, THERE, SAROYANI — satire	6	Arnold Marmor
THE BOHEMIA OF ARTHUR ARCHER — fiction	8	Harlan Ellison
ARLINE AT EIGHTEEN — pictorial essay	12	
A WAY OF MAKING LOVE — fiction	14	James L. Collier
A BELLE FOR BENNY — fiction	16	Michael Shaara
THE SEA IS MY LOVER — pictorial essay	21	
ERIC MOTT GOES TO TEXAS — fiction	24	Bob Bristow
FINNISH BATHS AND WHY I LOVE 'EM — travel	28	Paul Brock
MISS DUDE ON THE TOWN — featuring Arlene Rogers	31	
A PAGAN VISION — painting	35	Rupert Conrad
POST OFFICE, ANYONE? — humor	37	Bill Prospero
BEARDS IN THE BOUDOIR — essay	39	Milton Eder
EDITHA'S CHRISTMAS BURGLAR — satire	42	Robert Benchley
STICKMAN'S LAUGHTER — fiction	44	Nelson Algren
CRAZY, HORSE, CRAZY! — pictorial travelogue	47	
THESE WOMEN I REMEMBER — essay	50	Henry Miller
JOHNNY COME HOME — fiction	52	Lorane Sutton
MISCHIEF ON HER MIND — pictorial essay	57	
ENTER THE MISS DUDE CONTEST NOW!	68	

the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF — James H. Holmes

ASSOCIATE EDITOR — Arthur Oesterreicher

PRODUCTION MANAGER — Selma P. Olson

PUBLISHER AND ART DIRECTOR — Maurice Murray

VOL. 1, NO. 3, JANUARY, 1957

THE DUDE, Volume 1, Number 3, January, 1957. Published bi-monthly by Mystery Publishing Co., Inc., 19 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Telephone: MUrray Hill 2-3426. Entire contents copyrighted 1956 by Mystery Publishing Co., Inc. Application for second-class mail privileges is pending at New York, N.Y., additional entry pending at Mount Morris, Ill. All rights reserved as to the entire contents of this issue. Single copies, 50 cents. Subscription rates: Six issues in U.S. and possessions, \$3.00; 12 issues, \$6.00. Return postage should accompany unsolicited manuscripts and pictures; the publisher accepts no responsibility for return. Printed in U.S.A. Any similarity between people and places mentioned in the fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental.

Footnote: "Editha's Christmas Burglar", from *Pluck and Luck*, by Robert Benchley, copyright 1925 by Harper & Brothers, copyright 1953 by Gertrude D. Benchley; "Stickman's Laughter", from *The News Wilderness*, copyright 1947 by Nelson Algren; "These Women I Remember", from *The Celestine of Maracani*, copyright 1941 by Henry Miller, and reprinted by permission of the publisher, New Directions; front cover by Silver studios, hat by Thomas Berg; back cover, Strimban-Willig.



PHOTOGRAPH BY TILTAN GLASS

Well, there was this wolf, see . . .



And Red dug wolves.



She didn't always let on . . .



Or put her cards on the table . . .

Centuries of hypocrisy
have distorted the truth
about one of the
best-loved fables of all times . . .

THE LITTLE RED HOOD THAT RODE

But Red dug wolves—and picnics.



And so they ate and talked the time away . . .





And Wolf told a few eggs that broke Red up.



Red decided to call up Grandma . . .



And say she'd be a little late coming this time.



And they had themselves a quiet little ball . . .

And afterwards relaxed over a cigarette.



"I must run, doll," said Red.

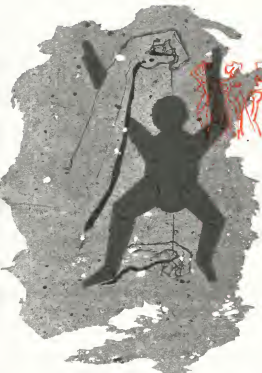


"I'll ride you over to Grandma's, doll," the wolf said . . .



MORAL:

There are more important things in life than Grandma



ILLUSTRATED BY AL WERTS

HEY, THERE,

SAROYANI



Remember "The Time of Your Life"?

The golden-hearted whore and all?

The blond bartender wiped rings off the hardwood counter. He beamed as Natasha Perry sauntered in. "I'm glad to see you," he said.

"It's a nice day outside," she said.

"That's because the sun is out."

"Yes, the sun."

"People are happy all over the world because the sun is out and shining down on all of them."

"But it is dark on the other side of the world."

He smiled indulgently. "Not really." That ended that. She opened her purse and put a roll of bills on the bar. "See?"

"You had a busy night?" he said.

"Yes. I made so many men happy."

"That's good," the bartender said. "It's good to make people happy."

"And they made me happy too," she said. "They paid me."

"But you made them happy. That is what is important."

"What is that important?"

"You were a lonely kid when you first came here," he said. "Now you're happy. Now everybody you meet is happy. Doesn't that make you happy?"

"Yes. Happy."

He put the roll of bills in his apron pocket. "You don't really need this," he said. "It can only give you material things."

"Of course," she said.

An old man with a peg leg came up to the bar. "Can I have a drink?" He had chin whiskers and his clothes were filthy. "I need a drink bad."

The girl walked to a table and sat down. She took an emory board from her purse and concentrated on her nails.

"Who're you?" the bartender asked the old man.

"I'm Wyatt Earp. I'm on television."

"Well, glad to see you, Wyatt. What will you have to drink?"

salute . . . ARNOLD MARMOR

Well, here they are again—only sorta different, a little

"Anything, as long as it's whiskey."

The bartender filled a shot glass with whiskey, laid it on the bar. He watched the old man gulp it down. "That'll be forty cents, sir."

"Just a minute, friend. I'm kind of short right now. Maybe I can tell you a little tale. Something that happened to me in my youth."

"I'd rather have the forty cents."

"Was shot once. Yes, sir. By Hoot Gibson. Tell you all about it in a minute. But my whistle is kinda dry. Gotta wet it. You understand?"

"I'm beginning to."

"Just fill the glass up again, friend."

"Well, I don't know. You owe me forty cents. I haven't seen any money yet."

"Money. Money? Now what's that?"

"Don't you know what money is?"

"Friend, where I come from, there's no such thing as money. People are happy and glad all the time. Nobody thinks of money. Nobody wants to think of anything else but just to be happy and glad."

"Happy and glad about what?"

The old man frowned. "Friend, you're a reactionary."

"I am?"

Two tramps walked in singing:

"When Frederic was a little lad he proved so brave and daring, His father thought he'd 'prentice him to some career seafaring. I was a-las! his nursery maid, And so it tell to my lot to take and bind the promising boy apprentice to a pilot. A life not bad for a hardy lad, Though surely not a high lot, Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse than make your boy a pilot!"

"Perfect harmony," the old man said.

"Perfect," said the bartender.

The two tramps walked to the back of the bar and continued on to the second verse.

"I was a stupid nurserymaid, on breakers always steering, And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of hearing; Mistaking my instructions, which with in my brain did gyrate, I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a pirate. A sad mistake it was to make and doom him to a vile lot. I bound him to a pirate—you—instead of to a pilot."

"Gilbert and Sullivan," the bartender said.

"The Pirates of Penzance," the old man said.

"They deserve a drink," the bartender said.

"Fix 'em up," the old man said. "I'll serve them."

"Will you do that?"

"Yep."

The bartender filled two beer mugs.

"Beer?" the old man explained. "For Gilbert and Sullivan?"

"I'm a Cole Porter man myself."

The old man brought the beer over to the tramps. The girl put away her emory board, went to the bar. "I've been thinking."

"About . . . him?" The bartender offered her a whiskey and soda. She shook her head, no, so he drank it himself.

"Yes," she said. "Him."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I don't want to hurt him."

"Must you hurt him?"

"I might have to."

"It's tough," he said.

"His leave is up tonight. He has to go back to Fort Dix. Maybe . . . overseas . . . soon. I—I don't want to hurt him. He's awfully kind. He's like a kid. Big and strong and so much like a kid. I don't want to hurt him."

"I don't blame you. I don't want to hurt him either." "Like a kid."

"Don't tell him," he said suddenly.

She paled. "I—I can't lie to him forever. He's bound to find out. He thinks I'm sweet and . . . decent."

"But you're decentest kid I ever met. Your kind are the decentest kid ever. You make men happy and glad and awfully swell and awfully good. We need more of your kind. You whore."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do. I think so. I really think so. I wish my own sister—but what's the use? She's decent. I mean really decent. Not decent like you? But really decent. A good girl. She doesn't make men happy. Just one man. Her husband. But what can I do? It's her life."

"Poor guy," she said.

"It's all right." He poured himself a drink, tossed it off. "I guess I can live with it."

She sighed. "I don't think I can tell Mortimer."

"He'll understand."

"What if he doesn't? I can't lose him. I can't."

"Because he may be off to war?"

"Yes."

"But there's no war on now."

"But what if there is? You know how a war starts now? Like the striking of a match. It flares up, sears everything in its path. People die and suffer. Suffer and die."

The bartender sighed. "It's up to you."

"I must tell him. I must tell him what I'm like."

(turn to page 66)



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD KING

The Bohemia OF ARTHUR ARCHER

Everything goes for kicks in Greenwich Village—and here was one guy who was itching to learn more

fiction. . . HARLAN ELLISON

Standing outside the door of the Greenwich Village cold water flat, Arthur Archer—blonde and tall—turned to Bert Simons—short and swarty—and asked: "How're chances of getting laid tonight?"

From inside the apartment could be heard the mingled mangling of party voices. Bert let a corner of his mouth curl, and he said: "Five to one, Artie boy. If there's five girls here tonight . . . you'll get one.

"The odds go up proportionately: nine-to-two, thirteen to three, hell, you understand."

Arthur grinned his which-way-is-the-meat grin, and nodded. "I understand," Bert knocked on the door. It slid open of its own weight, unlocked, and Arthur Archer got his first look at a Bohemian party in the Village.

It was straight out of Dante—a wild mixing of color and sound. There were at least a hundred people crammed

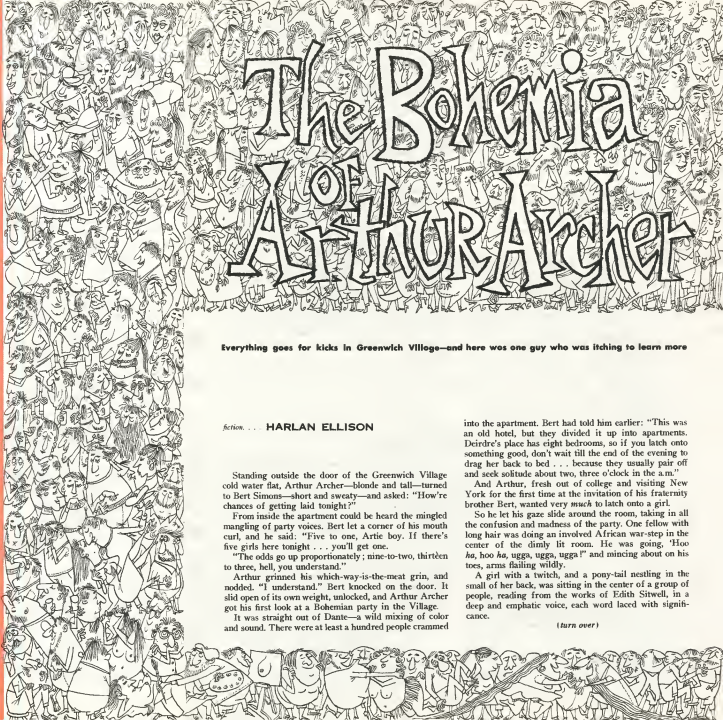
into the apartment. Bert had told him earlier: "This was an old hotel, but they divided it up into apartments. Deirdre's place has eight bedrooms, so if you latch onto something good, don't wait till the end of the evening to drag her back to bed . . . because they usually pair off and seek solitude about two, three o'clock in the a.m."

And Arthur, fresh out of college and visiting New York for the first time at the invitation of his fraternity brother Bert, wanted very much to latch onto a girl.

So he let his gaze slide around the room, taking in all the confusion and madness of the party. One fellow with long hair was doing an involved African war-step in the center of the dimly lit room. He was going, 'Hoo ha, hoo ha, ugg, ugg, ugg, ugg!' and mincing about on his toes, arms flailing wildly.

A girl with a twitch, and a pony-tail nestling in the small of her back, was sitting in the center of a group of people, reading from the works of Edith Sitwell, in a deep and emphatic voice, each word laced with significance.

(turn over)



Arthur found all this hard to believe. He'd heard of Bohemian parties, but this seemed to be a tourist's dream. Abruptly, he felt Bert's hand on his biceps, and turned. Bert had a young girl in tow—one with lips that were so thin they looked as though an artist had lined them in with charcoal; glasses black and forbidding; a chest that was the nearest thing to inverted he had ever seen on a woman; eyes that bugged so, they looked as though they were attempting to leave her head, just to say hello.

"Art, this is Deirdre . . . this is her place. She threw the party."

The goggle-eyed goblin extended a hand, grabbed Art's own, and crushed it systematically. "Individualist!" she said, much too loudly.

"Pardon?" Art asked.

"Said individualist! Want you to be individualist! Make self at home. Worry about nothing. Leave everything to me. Be gay. Have fun. Read you later."

And she was gone, lost in the maze of flesh, sound and scent.

Arthur felt as though he had left his head in a cocktail shaker for a while. He turned to Bert and asked: "This makes sense to you?"

"*C'est ça*," Bert replied, grinning. "Look, Brother Arthur, we got into this party only because I used to run with some artists from the Village before I went off to State to become buddy-buddy with you. So take what you see at face value, don't question, and hope you wind up with a face that has some value." He wandered away looking for the bar. Or the jug. Or the sneaky pete. Or anybody who had wet lips.

Arthur watched the mad goings-on in the living room for a few more minutes, and then decided to see what was happening in the other eight rooms of the monstrous apartment.

Several doors were closed, and when he attempted to open one—obviously a bedroom—he was greeted by a shout of "Shut the goddam door . . . we're busy!"

He smiled hopelessly, wishing *he* were busy, and went down the long hall, in the direction of noise, music and whistles.

It was a dining room, but the table had been cleared to the side, where people sat and stood on it. The crowd was even larger here, and he immediately saw why.

A girl was dancing in the center of the room. The lights were down to one wall-bracket, casting a yellow glow, and someone had turned on a calypso record. The girl was moving slowly, sensually, to the beat of the drums, the sound of the fife, the plunk of the guitar.

She was obviously looped to the ears, but on her—it looked just the other side of wonderful.

He stared at her, open-eyed. She was almost as tall as he, with hair tied into the usual Village pony-tail. But the hair was a starkly inviting blue-black, and the pony-tail twisted painstakingly into a spiral. It hung to her narrow shoulders, and set off the tan of her face beautifully. She wore a tight black sweater that threatened to burst its seams at any instant, a white skirt that swirled as she stepped, lifting high to reveal slim legs and white thighs above the tightly-gartered stocking-tops, and high heels. He ran back up from the feet to the head, stopping for a long moment at the chest.

"Who is she?" Arthur inquired of a dumpy, curly-

headed boy next to him.

"That's Christie Mayland," he answered, as though the serf had just asked who the King was.

Christie was moving sinuously, her hands live things, exploring her body, motioning and beckoning. Her small feet moved in involved steps, and her hair bobbed like a caged reptile in its pony-tail binding.

"Man, she is *great*!" Arthur murmured.

"Yeah. She's a stripper in a club down here," the dumpy curlyhead inserted.

Arthur tossed him a fast glance, not wanting to take his eyes from the rounded mounds of her breasts. "It figures."

The guitars beat over and over in repetition, and Arthur stood at the edge of the crowd, hardly realizing he was inching into the cleared space where the beautiful Christie Mayland danced. Christie moved carefully—still stoney drunk!—arching her back, switching her full hips. She had a close, tight walk, and the skirt swirled with every movement, till she grasped it and pulled it tight to her legs, sheathing them, so every muscular ripple shivered the material.

She was getting set to pull it up over her head and start her strip routine, when Arthur stepped in, took her in his arms, and whirled her in traditional dance-steps.

Everyone in the room groaned. They had thought they were going to see more of Christie's bare flesh. Now her dance had been cut short right at the hot part. Arthur wasn't quite sure why he had done it; somehow he couldn't see her revealing all that loveliness to a roomful of schnooks.

That stuff is for me only, he thought, spinning the suddenly limp Christie in his arms.

"Come on, let her finish!" one fellow yelled, but Arthur gripped her all the closer, feeling the rounded firmness of her warm breasts pressing through his shirt.

Christie began to struggle. She squirmed for release, and finding it more difficult than she had thought, brought her high-heeled foot down on Arthur's foot. He howled and stepped back.

"Goddam conformance!" she yelled, her beautiful mouth opening to show white, even teeth. "You aren't even a li'l bit Bohemyun! Goddam conformisht, breakin' up my act!"

She stepped toward him, her slap formed and ready to be delivered. Arthur took a half-step backward, and grabbed her as she swung. She tumbled into his arms, cold faint, and limp as an old shoestring.

"Which way is an empty room, where I can toss her to sleep?" Arthur demanded. Nobody answered. They glared at him unhappily.

Exasperated, Arthur shoved through the crowd, back down the long hall, till he came to an open door. It was one of the many bedrooms—and empty. He kicked it open, angled inside with Christie still inert in his arms, kicked it shut, and fumbled in the darkness along the wall for a light switch. When he found it, he clicked light into the room, and tossed Christie unceremoniously on the bed. Her skirt billowed as she bounced on the mattress, and settled about her hips, the long, delicious legs revealed in their nylon sheaths.

Arthur locked the door and flopped into a chair.

Here was a problem of the first magnitude.



1



2



3

As if to accentuate it, Christie sat up blearily, her arms straight back behind her in support, and mumbled, "I wouldn't do it with you if you were the onny guy in thish whole worl' . . . goddam conformisht!" And flopped back dead-asleep.

Arthur dragged a cigarette from his shirt pocket, and lit it. The trouble seemed to be—as far as he could tell—that she didn't consider him Bohemian enough. She had a point, too. He was just a nice, average guy who wanted a luscious roll in the hay.

For the whole summer.

And to get it, he was going to have to cultivate Christie Mayland. Who didn't seem to want him to cultivate her.

He sank back in the chair, dejected, and waited for the gorgeous hunka flesh on the bed to get sober enough for reasoning.

About three a.m. Christie came to. Not sober, just conscious. Arthur was huddled in the chair . . . he had never much liked the idea of assaulting an unconscious woman. She sat up, her eyes asparkle, and grinned at him widely.

"My li'l conformisht baby!" she cried, and struggled out of bed toward him. The rest of the apartment had settled into silence hours before, and the pat-pat of her heels was the only sound in the place.

Arthur watched her archly as she came toward him, and grunted half in pleasure, half in weariness as she plopped into his lap. "You ain't much," she mumbled, "but you're all I got tonight . . ."

She lowered her face to his, took his head between her slim fingers, and kissed him full on the mouth, her hot tongue darting in like a firebrand, and her lips working on his.

Instinctively he let his arms slide about her waist, but before she could be fully circled, she was off his lap, standing in the middle of the room, yawning, stretching till her sweater strained, and raised up on tip-toe.

"Oh! A radio?" Christie bubbled, seeing a portable on the vanity table. "I wanna finish my dansh!"

She turned it on, and the insistent beat of a popular rock 'n roll melody filled the room. She took up her dance, just where she had left off before. With her skirt.

She danced a few rocking steps, her walk more a burlesque switch than a step-movement, then with one violent movement she pulled up the hem of her skirt; above her knees, clinging to her thighs, holding it there with one hand wrapped tightly in the fabric. Her legs were suntanned and supple, colored by the sheer nylon of her hose. Delicate feet and full, rich thighs, moving whitely and quickly.

The nylons were held up by garters, and as she moved, she took prancing steps, lifting her leg high, bending the knee quickly, and bringing the foot down hard. The nylons started to slip at her movements, and she paused to run her cupped hands up the extreme length of the leg, tightening the hose. It drew a sharp breath from the sweating Arthur Archer.

She had gotten to a point where dancing in her clothes was confining, and Arthur waited expectantly. She was used to semi-nudity on the stage. . . and she had lost the habit of underthings. It was a fantastic picture—a study in blue-black and white. Arthur felt himself sinking into the mood, going down and around and inward with the sight of gorgeous Christie Mayland.

The drums' insistent beat started Christie bumping her stomach, grinding her hips. Abruptly she pulled the dress up over her head, throwing the pony-tail from its clasp, letting the hair fall full and blue-black around her face and shoulders.

Arthur's breath caught in his throat. She was, indeed stark-naked, save for her black lace brassiere, which held her high, full breasts closely and tightly.

Vibrating to the rhythm, Christie spun and ducked, her legs wide, her arms high. She continually wetted her lips, looking toward Arthur with hunger and passion.

Her hand slid slowly up her legs, across her thighs, over her belly, and under her breasts. She encountered the slight material of the bra with her fingers and instant-

(turn to page 40)



Smart and pretty Arline Novack

arline at eighteen

is a resort heiress, a business woman extraordinary, and a fun-loving teen-ager

18-year old Arline Novack is readying herself for a king-size job: running the plush Laurels Hotel and Country Club at Monticello, New York. The Laurels has been a family property for three generations and Arline has inherited not only good looks but a sharp sense for business.

A girl with a mind of her own, Arline has definite ideas on how young people like to live at a hotel. She gets up early in the morning and spends a full day supervising the Laurels' operation. In her spare time, she goes for volleyball, dancing and the companionship of fun-loving young males. A typical day in the life of this young heiress consists of equal parts of hard work and hard play: all in all, quite a life for an 18-year old miss.





SHE HATED IT WHEN THE MEN TOUCHED

A WAY OF MAKING LOVE

I went into the bar and looked at them all standing there in a row with their fat faces hanging down into their beers like so many goddamn fish sniffing the hook, and I got disgusted and turned around and went outside.

I figured I ought to be able to make myself do it, but I wasn't sure. Sometimes I couldn't. Mostly I could, but sometimes I would almost get it done and then I would start throwing up and whoever it was would go away and I would sit alone feeling relieved and sad and smelling the vomit. Sometimes when I was near my period I wouldn't even try; I would just pray that this time it wouldn't come. But I knew that after I got a couple of drinks down it would be easier. I thought of the idea of going someplace else first for the drinks and that was what I did. There was a dark bar up a half a block where there weren't so many men, only a couple of old Italians that would be playing cards, and I went there.

I had three drinks, whiskey and ginger ale. When I got to the last one I lined the shot glasses up in a row and moved them around, first this one in the middle, and then this one, and then the last.

I had this damn cold. I kept coughing all the time and I wished I would stop. It made me feel weak and lousy, full of despair. I was tired of that. I was tired of feeling despairing all the time. I wanted to throw the shot glasses at the mirror in the back of the bar and then take the broken pieces and chop out the face of the first man who looked at me, chop him up good so that pieces of flesh fell out onto the pavement. I thought about that for a while, and it made me feel better, and I went out onto the sidewalk.

The thing that I was worried about was that I would get drunk and pass out. I figured that I would have to stand at the bar and drink with whoever I picked out. I couldn't just walk in and grab one. He would figure something was fishy. He would get scared and not do it if he had any brains and if he didn't, I didn't want him.

They were still rowed up over their beers when I went back. There were a couple of soldiers getting loaded and a man eating an egg out of a shot glass with a spoon. Every time he took a bite pieces of the yolk came crumbling out of the corner of his mouth and spilled on the bar. Then there were others standing alone, and a couple

fiction . . . JAMES L. COLLIER

of girls. The girls were with some men. They were laughing and having a hell of a time. They were stupid, those girls. They were just drunk enough so they didn't know if they wanted to get laid or not; and just that drunk that they were putting off making up their minds. The men didn't touch them. They just looked at the girls ferociously and sang "Drink chug-a-lug, drink chug-a-lug," and the girls drank up. Then they had some more to drink and bobbed around together and shouted and laughed. I couldn't look at them. It was too much like a frog sperming on its mate.

I got a glass of beer at the bar and went over and sat down in a booth that was near the door. It was a good place to sit. The mirror in back of the bar was slanted down a little, and I could see the row of ugly men's faces there. The different kinds of men's faces that I knew about: narrow ones of the short men who stand on the edge of the group saying "Dija hear dija hear," and no one paying any attention to them; the dumb kind of face that is always turned down the bar toward the place it thinks is the center of things; and the round red faces that always look in the mirror when they laugh, to see how white their teeth are. All in a row, useless, and getting drunk.

After a while I picked one out. He was wearing a sweatshirt and dungarees and his back was straight and I could see how the muscles in his thighs filled out the back of his pants. In the mirror he looked as if he might be intelligent. But I couldn't tell about that. That was the thing I had to take a chance on.

He was looking down at his glass. I stared at his head in the mirror until he looked up. I let our eyes just catch, and then I looked away. When I looked back he was watching me steadily in the mirror. I looked away quickly so he would think I was ducking him. I figured he would come over.

That was what he did. He got two glasses filled and then walked over and slid in on the other side of the booth. I let him put one of the beers down in front of me. He sat watching me, not saying anything. The idea was that after a while I would have to say something, and then he would have the advantage.

(turn to page 60)

HER, BUT SHE HAD TO LET THEM—AND SHE KNEW WHY . . .

fiction . . . MICHAEL SHAARA

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY KEANE

EDITOR'S CHOICE:

A WITTY SAGA OF A GUY'S PROGRESS

The main thing I have learned since leaving college is this: that things do not always turn out for the worst. Now this may seem like a very bald statement for a liberal arts man to make, and some of my friends will undoubtedly be shocked, but please bear with me. I have read it all, or nearly all: Hemingway, Dostoevski, Kafka, Joyce. I have sat morbidly in the night over many a teary beer discussing the unhappy plight of man. I learned very thoroughly that the making of a buck was disgusting, that art was all, that no businessman could ever be really happy, that all preachers were either hypocrites or pinheads, that any really good man is doomed to futile struggle his whole life long. All of that I discussed over and over again at night, and sometimes even during the day. (I remember particularly how gloomy things were in the short story classes.) I was as gloomy as anybody in those days, and proud of being gloomy, and I admit it. At the time it was a good feeling. The world might be fooling everybody else, but not us. We knew the score. Even after we graduated and had to go make a buck we still knew the score, and if we were in advertising, particularly, we were for a long while ashamed of it. And possibly with good reason.

But as time passes the score seems to be changing. Things no longer look as black as they did. Now don't get me wrong; I am not as far gone as I may sound. Those boys above, Dostoevski and the rest, had many good points and may possibly be right in the long run—all I am trying to say is that there are certain lucky times in the middle. In witness of which, attend the case of Benny Cohoon.

The wrong we did Benny Cohoon was one of those things that shored up the general gloom of our junior year. It was a very sticky deal and we were all sorry for it but there was nothing we could do to go have another beer and blame it on fate and cuss ourselves out privately. At least we hadn't meant it. That wasn't much consolation but it was something.

That year there were six of us in our wing of the dorm, of which Benny Cohoon was the last and least. We five were veterans, Benny was not. All of us were upperclassmen, Benny was a freshman. The youngest of us was

FROM LOUT TO LOVER

twenty-four (me), Benny was eighteen. For these reasons, and many others, he fit in with us well. He was not exactly a mascot; he was more like everybody's little brother.

Now that was just after the war, and we five were not only veterans, but also, all but one, majors in the liberal arts. That made us something peculiar. The engineers, the medics, the boys in pre-law or science, all those worked like slaves and had some idea where they were going. We didn't know from straight up. We had the GI Bill and a lot of spare time. We wandered into things like journalism or psychology more out of inertia than anything else. We had no particular goals in mind, and though that bothered us, the courses didn't, and we were able to take it easy. About the only thing we were any good for when we got out was teaching, and even that needs a Master's nowadays, so what we did generally was wander off into a company here, a company there, and we didn't start really learning a trade until long after we graduated. Which, to tell the truth, wasn't actually so bad, and the college shouldn't feel hurt. Many of us really needed the rest.

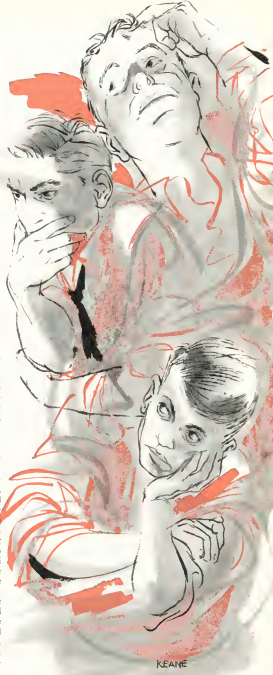
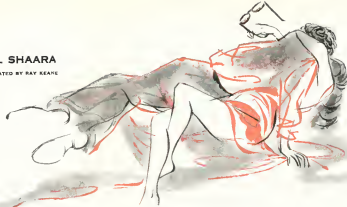
But the six of us, I still feel, were rare men. In addition to me and Benny there were Fondren, Quinby, Silger and Bates. Fondren at thirty was the oldest and most respectable. He had seen the most action and he showed it. He was a very quiet, decent guy, studying psychology. Quinby, old Q, was the most spectacular. He was the only one not in liberal arts. He was studying bacteriology and kept a lot of white mice in cages in his room. He always kept a lot of mouse food on hand and sometimes when his check from the VA was late and he was hungry he would make a small raid on the mouse food. It was not really so bad. Like wheat germ.

Then Silger, our handsome joker, was an ex-Air Force lieutenant and our own private sex fiend. He had a girl back home who was later to make him famous. After one particularly drunken and carefree session with this girl Silger returned to school one Monday, fearful and worn. He remained that way for something like two weeks. Then one day we were sitting in the cafeteria when some-

(turn over)



A BELLE FOR BENNY



KEANE

body brought him his mail, and one of the letters was from the girl. Silger read the first paragraph, then leaped several feet into the air and yelled at the top of his lungs: "Yippee! *She mennistrated!*" For a long while there we were very proud of Silger. Bates, number four, was our most distinguished. His folks had money, he supplied most of the liquor. And drank most of what he supplied. I never did understand Bates. He eventually became a policeman. Then there was me. And after me, Benny Cohoon.

The main thing about Benny was that he was small and scrawny. I will have to admit that he was one of the ugliest men, or boys. I ever knew. He had very poor teeth and eyes too weak even for the Army, which refused to draft him—showing you how weak his eyes really were and no mistake. He wore plate-thick glasses which did him little good, because his hair, which was long and wild and black, was almost always in their way. Everything about him was stiff and skinny, he seemed to be made out of a bundle of dark rods and sticks. I think he hit us right in the father instinct. He looked like he was going to fall apart any minute, but he was almost always cheerful, and he was going to be a great reporter, he told us frankly, in the tradition of Arthur Brisbane and Hildy Johnson. His folks were very poor; he was just barely managing to survive at school on a small scholarship. I remember that we used to think what a shame it was that he couldn't even get into the Army. He could have made good use of the GI Bill.

We tried our best to look after Benny Cohoon, which only made what happened later harder to take. He was the youngest, by six years. He was the only one of us, with the possible exception of Quinby, who was in school at all seriously. And though we often got annoyed with each other, it was difficult to get annoyed with poor Benny. He was in awe of us. We were bloody veterans. Occasionally we would get off on a war story kick and he would sit silently in a corner and listen and afterwards, by George, he would sometimes come by damn near with tears in his eyes and lay a hand on your shoulder, and after one or two times of that we didn't tell war stories where he could hear us. Great reporters should be broken in gently. But he was a very likeable boy.

So we did what we could for him. Compared to some of the raccoon-coat, flannel pants, two-tone-shoed jokers we saw floating around school in those days, Benny seemed more of a real student than anybody else we knew. And it was a pretty good bet that, on account of the money problem, he would not make it through the four years. But that was one thing that we couldn't help him with. And there was one other.

Girls.

Getting Benny broken in with women was something that, once having seen Benny, you didn't like to think about. He was our boy, but we had to face it, he was nobody else's. Not only did he look like something just crawled in out of the hot desert, but he acted like it, too. He had never had a girl and when one came within smelling distance he froze and couldn't say a word. And that wasn't all. The last straw was that he was invariably stone broke. The girl's college at our school was separate from the men's, it was quite a way outside of town. And while I'll say this for the girls, they didn't have to go out

in a new Cadillac, but they were damn sure at least not going to walk. And old Benny seldom even had bus fare.

So it was a hopeless situation. We hardly even tried. It was occasionally suggested that we take him around to a sporting house for the first fatal whack, but wise old Fondren put the bee on that. The boy is sensitive, Fondren said, that's no place for a boy like that. We agreed, but then, where else was there? There was nowhere, and eventually we let it ride. We had our own problems. And they also concerned women.

Looking back on it now I find that I have mellowed a bit, but at the time I confess I did not think much of college women. Let me put it truthfully: they disgusted the hell out of me. You may remember that I said that the youngest of us was twenty-four. Well, to me, to all of us, the college girls were invariably either too coy, too snotty, or too damn young. What gripped us most, I guess, is that we were long past the stage of hold-the-hand-on-the-third-night-and-kiss-on-the-fifth, and all the goo that went with the seventeen- and eighteen-year old set; but then, on the other hand, we could not take the older ones, either. With them it was cigarette holders and mannequin glasses and endless bridge games and art and a great weariness and sophistication which was very much like our own, but which we thought at the time was phonier than Chicken Little.

But we, after all, had been in a war. And it seemed to us that the main point of a women's college was to find educated husbands for the girls, and the hell with education. Looking back, I wonder where we ever got the idea that we wanted our women educated. But anyway, we did think a few noble thoughts about school and its uses, and we knew instinctively that most of those that talked about art knew less about it, probably, than we did, and the final result of a girl's college was some overimportant thing that could mix a wicked martini but who you would no more trust with a baby than you would with a glass A-bomb.

So that's what we felt. Probably what it really was was that we simply and truly wanted only to hop in the sack with them and, contrary to popular belief, had a hard time doing it. And we resented all that toothsome young stuff packed pinkly into the dorms over there, while we sat alone, owl-eyed and hurting, over here. So we wound up spending most of our time with the town girls. They were just as hard to seduce, but they at least were properly respectful.

But all of this, as you can see, just about put the cap on our ability to help Benny Cohoon. He was ripe for the younger set, the frosh and sophomores, which we could not even stomach. We knew not a one. And so what Benny started—we can say that at least in our defense—he started himself.

It happened without warning, at a convocation for all students. It was one of those things that the veterans avoided en masse, so the place was packed, three to one, women to men. Under such favorable odds as these old Benny came into his own.

That night, luckily, we had prepared him for the occasion as old women prepare a bride, and he looked at least passable. But even so I am at a loss to account for what happened. He came back from that night wearing a singularly glazed and windblown expression, like an old



"I decided to take some movies instead of going to one."

prospector who thinks he has discovered gold but is not yet sure. He gave us the news defensively, but joyously. He had a date. For tomorrow. Old Benny Cohoon had a date.

We pooled our resources and sailed down to Leo's and had several beers while he told us about it. It was a very rare night. All the while we could not help grinning and pounding him on the shoulder. He was made, we were proud of him.

Benny was not particularly proud of the girl, but that did not matter. Now having begun he would go on to greater things. But in the meantime this one would do. She had a face, Benny confided realistically, that would truly curl your toes, but the figure was not bad, and the amazing thing was that she had come to him. She had swooped down on him out of a passing crowd, and taken him. He could not remember the beginning of it clearly; he had been too stunned. But he seemed to remember her saying something—he blushed—about an electric spark jumping out between them. By the end of the evening she was already adjusting his tie, combing his hair, clucking at him. And she had told him bluntly, without discussion, that she would see him in town the following noon. He had dreamily agreed. It was his first date.

Well, of course we could not see any trouble ahead, not

then. We spent the rest of that evening getting fairly well glued and telling violent sexual lies. But the one thing we did foresee was that this girl would lead to another, would break the ice. And she certainly did. Once thawed, Benny's confidence blossomed like ruddy old spring. Before long he had taken to speaking to strange girls in classes, before much longer he was asking them out for coffee. He had all the makings of a gay blade, spiked hair and all, and we walked around in those days like proud papas. But in the meantime the first girl, whose name was Claire, began to be something of a headache. A delightful headache, true, but still a pain.

She had never relinquished her idea of the electric spark. If anything, her love had deepened. She took to calling him to the phone at odd hours of the night, then also in the afternoon; then several times she cut her classes and went with him to his. Benny began, very gradually, to feel the pressure, but he kept on with it, fascinated by all the attention. Claire was beginning to let him kiss her. They were engaging in immoral although not yet quite illegal activities on the couch in her dorm. He felt that there was gold in them thar hills eventually, and the thought of the possibility kept him constantly on the alert.

(turn over)

But even that, eventually, was not enough. There were other, more verdant fields to conquer. As he progressed no further, his eye, like that of the true Don Juan, began to wander. And he began at last to think of ways to break the thing up.

The first gambit he tried was money. He bared his financial soul to Claire—a barren sight—told her humbly that he was already deep in debt from taking her out, that he could no longer afford to go on, and more than that, she deserved the finer things and he could not give them to her, so he had to go. It turned out to be exactly the wrong thing to say. Moved to tears, young Claire replied that a love such as theirs should not be allowed to wither for lack of the green, she had some of her own, and would gladly advance it. He demurred. She insisted. It was, she whispered passionately, *their* money now.

After that for a long while he was at a loss. The phone calls thickened, lengthened. The dates covered all day, from breakfast in town to a last cup of coffee before curfew. Benny had no time at all for the greener fields, and was now ashamed to try it, afraid of being caught. He came at last to us, the veterans, for advice.

Now the first thing we said, of course, blunt clowns that we were, was look, kid, why don't you just tell the girl to move out, you've had it. But the pained expression on Benny's face told the story. The girl was in love with him. Really in love with him. And if you have never had a girl in love with you before, even one you do not love back, this is a very powerful thing and it takes a sadly cruel man indeed to rough her up. No matter how long Benny Cohoon lived, he would always have a certain tenderness in his heart for the first girl that ever loved him. He could no more be hard to her than he could throw up in polka dots.

It was a touchy problem. We puzzled it over for several minutes. Our Benny was just beginning, like the fleet halfback, to get out in the open and move. To see him tackled now by some slack-jawed, strongarmed freshman was against the grain. We had to do something. And as I remember, it was Quinby who finally came up with the solution.

At the time it sounded very logical. It still does. The only thing is that Benny Cohoon was not yet ready for it. We overestimated him. And thereby lay the crime.

Quinby's idea was sex. He knew that Benny had never been able to bed the girl in question and *there*, said Quinby joyfully, lay the out. Go to her, said Quinby, and make a violent pass. Make the wildest, most passionate pass you can make short of rape. The girl, having held out this long, will most probably reject you, and get pretty well shook about the whole thing. But then what you say is that you are only human, you couldn't help it, you love her too much not to want to possess her. Tell her you're intoxicated, you can't keep your hands off of her. Then say, and do this with *feeling*, that you must not risk ruining something fine and noble because of a gross—but uncontrollable—passion. Tell her that you cannot be near her without making a pass, therefore you must go. Forever. Ten to one she will weep up a storm, but remain firm. Swear that the passion is stronger than you are, then leave. Eight to five she will let you go. Tearfully, true, but then think what she will feel. She will always

have the memory of your love, your devotion. She will think you left her only not to hurt her. You will not be a heel, you will be a gold-plated angel. When she does marry, you will always be the man she should have married. And you, on the other hand, will be free as a big-tailed bird.

And the beautiful part of it is, Quinby went on to say—we were all laughing and had to agree—that if she decides to *give in*—which is a very long shot, don't count on it—you will at least be no worse off than before. You will have the Promised Land and we can start all over and think up something else.

Well, you are probably getting ahead of me, but if you are, you are a damn sight cleverer than I was. I knew the girl; I had seen her. Like Quinby I figured it a long shot indeed for Benny to score, and I merely thought the whole thing was funny and shooed Benny off, sure he would come back a free man. But like all the rest of us, I overestimated Benny. And I underestimated Claire.

The girl was not fooling. It was no mother complex with her, she was not simply an ugly girl looking for a man. What she was became as apparent as the sun at high noon when Benny staggered in that night, long after hours, with the silliest grin in living memory pasted on his face. The girl loved him, she could not let him go.

She had given her all.

And now comes the kicker, the thing we should have foreseen, which somebody at least out of the whole motley crew might have suspected. But we never did. It simply never occurred to us that old Benny had it in him, that he would score so well and thoroughly on his first attempt. But score he did, and that same night. Within a month the poor girl realized that she was pregnant.

Well, there was nothing to do. There was no gloomier dorm in the entire school, or possibly in the whole country, but there was nothing to do. Of course we blamed ourselves. We could hardly blame poor Benny for being unprepared. The boy had no experience—were you prepared, on your first time around? No, it was our fault, and we knew it. We'd put the boy up to it, one of us at least should have thought to protect him.

But it was done. Undoing it was out of the question. Benny would not ask it of her. He went around in a daze for a month, then abruptly dropped out of school. Claire dropped out at the same time. For a boy like Benny, of course, there was only one road to take. They were married as quickly as possible.

We didn't see Benny again. He wrote us one or two letters telling us they had gone to live with her folks. His letters were full of false cheer and we could never think of anything to write in answer. When the final news came, the ultimate straw, that Claire had been delivered of twins, we all went out and got thoroughly glued. We never heard from Benny again.

But it stayed in our minds. You can see how it would. When you consider that you are lousing up your own life it is one thing, but lousing up somebody else's, fixing it so he marries a girl he doesn't love and, at eighteen, is jobless and the father of twins, that is something very much else again. We never quite got over it. We met often, after we graduated, and we never failed to mention old Benny, to see if anybody had heard from him,

(turn to page 64)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUNNY YEAGER/P I P

the sea is my lover . . .

I feel the soft warmth of the sand under me
warm as the touch of my lover
as he lovingly caresses my eager waiting skin.

I watch the sea and dream
that it will become my lover

I dream of giving myself
opening my arms, my entire body
to its dark urgent mystery . . .

Enough of this foolishness!
I am tired of the sea as a lover.

I want someone that is firm as a rock
someone who will answer my inner cry
I am tired of my fantasy lover

I look everywhere
but cannot find him
the one whose key will unlock every door
I look everywhere





But wait!
 Who is that coming there?
 I see him strong and manly
 advancing towards me
 his shadow growing longer
 as he comes nearer!
 Yes!
 He is here at last
 my man, my lover

strong and firm as the rock
 his body warm as the sand
 his lips as soft as water
 come to me now . . .
 come to me
 I can wait no longer

ERIC MOTT GOES TO TEXAS

Following the passing of his beautiful wife, his tangle with the New York police concerning the ordeal of dumping his wife's body down the laundry chute, and the subsequent relationship with Gloria, the girl with the phone number, Eric for a time found life quite pleasant. He entertained Gloria extravagantly, but as sometimes occurs in relationships with such women, Gloria became rather possessive. Even considering the experiment with the Hydrogen Bomb, the term they had applied to a completely different method of doing things, Eric became tired of Gloria, and New York, and well, everything in general.

He explained the matter to Gloria, gave her a check for a thousand dollars, and pronounced a near-tearful farewell. Gloria, clutching the check, kissed him nicely and left. Eric learned that Gloria soon eloped with a tobacco salesman who was nearly fifty and who, Eric felt quite certain, would be unable to conduct a decent imitation of the Hydrogen Bomb. But it did not matter. Eric was despondent. He tried reading books. He read *Gone With the Wind* again and became more firmly convinced that Rhett Butler was a complete ass for leaving such a complete ass.

And so Eric decided to travel. In New Orleans, he met this illuminating woman who did some sort of a dance with a tiger skin and the act was called "Skinning

the Cat." It was amusing. He introduced this creature, whose name turned out to be Cherie Dubois, to the Hydrogen Bomb. This method was totally unfamiliar to her and she had to be hospitalized with a misplaced disc in her spine. She utterly refused to listen to his persuasion that she would soon become accustomed to this method, and he found himself in Shreveport.

There he met a delightful lady named Bertha who turned out to be no connoisseur of method, but who was a fanatic for the number of times. She even kept a ball point pen and made marks on the pillow to keep count. Obviously one more interested in quantity than quality. She reminded Eric of a chain store operation, and so one morning he simply slipped away and caught a plane.

The plane landed in Fort Worth. Eric had heard so much about Texans, he felt it only reasonable to spend a few days in the Lone Star State. He bought a drink at the terminal for a man who wore a very large hat, and who spoke in loud tones.

"Is it true," Eric asked, "what they say about Texas?" "Man," the man said, "Texas has got the biggest and the most of anything."

"Who would want the *biggest*?" Eric asked thoughtfully. "I always thought that"

"Man," the man shouted, waving his hat and causing
(turn to page 26)

A NEW ADVENTURE BY THE MAD SEXTPERT WHO INVENTED A NEW WAY OF

PERFORMING THE OLDEST GOOD DEED IN THE WORLD

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN





"Your model's here, dear."

herself close to him and kissed him again. He noticed she unlocked the door, but he said nothing. There are claustrophobics and . . . well . . .

They had a drink and Tina loosened the dress, which was really quite tight on her. It gave her more breathing room at the top. "How do you like Texas?" she asked. "I'm insane about it."

"I hope you'll like it better," Tina said glancing at her watch. She stood, the dress loosening. "I'll be in here." She moved toward the pale aqua room, her hips moving with a devastating motion, not like the Monroe swing, but more on the order of the Ekberg wiggle.

Eric finished his drink.

"Oh, Eric," she called, "what was that about an experiment?"

Eric simply raced to the room. Tina's eyes were laughing. With great enthusiasm, Eric explained the basic arrangement of his Hydrogen Bomb.

"It sounds sooooo nice," she said, a strange frown on her face, obviously an expression of confusion.

"Let me show you," Eric laughed.

"Oh do!" Tina urged.

Eric showed her, Because of the very tall frame, the Hydrogen Bomb got underway with some degree of

difficulty. Tina was rather contorted. But once settled, the experiment proceeded delightfully.

"You see," Eric said laughing, "it was different, wasn't it?"

"I'll say it was!" Tina said massaging her spine.

"Now, there is an adaptation," Eric said, "that goes something like this." He began to illustrate the adaptation when the room was suddenly filled with a flash of light. Eric turned abruptly, to see his friend from the airway terminal, holding a camera, the flashbulb still smoking. Eric was startled. Tina threw her arms about him while the unshaven man struggled to put a new flashbulb into the camera and turn to a new film. Tina seemed provoked at the delay.

Once ready, Eric smiled. He always looked better when he smiled. Once in college he had appeared in the yearbook not smiling and his friends said he looked like an imbecile. So he put his arms about Tina and said, "Now wait until I smile."

The photographer's face screwed up, but he managed to take the picture. Once finished, Tina left the bed like a modest child.

"Isn't that something," Eric remarked. "I've seen this
(turn to page 65)

travel . . . PAUL BROCK

finnish baths and why I love 'em

Once you enter the door
of a sauna-bath, look out!
Bare skin and birch leaves
are the order of the day

The door was marked "SAUNA," which is Finnish for bathroom. Lena took hold of my arm and propelled me towards it.

She was one of the attendants at the public bath house, tall and shapely and wearing a dazzling white uniform which clung to her like a Paris gown. She could speak a little English and had very kindly offered to initiate me into the mysteries of Sauna bathing in Finland.

She flung open the door and steered me into the room. About twelve men were in there, half of them completely naked, the others undressing. Two other female attendants, heftier than Lena, with big bosoms and muscular arms, were wandering round the men and handing out birch twigs with leaves on the end.

The men's ages must have ranged from sixteen to seventy, and none of them showed the slightest sign of panic as those comely-looking females approached them while they stood there, completely undressed.

Nor did the females appear to think there was anything extraordinary about being in a men's dressing room, with

the men lounging around in their birthday suits.

Lena took me straight to a locker, one of many standing against the wall. "You will undress, please," she ordered in firm but encouraging tones.

"Sure," I said with a shaking voice, and waited for a little privacy. But I soon found out it's a word banned from the dictionaries of all Sauna-worshippers.

One of the other females came over to Lena and they both stood within one yard of me while I disrobed. Finally I stood there in the same state of complete undress as any other male in the place.

Lena smiled at me and handed me a bouquet of birch leaves. Blushing, I stared at them, wondering if, by any chance, they were meant as a poor substitute for fig leaves. But none of the other naked males were using them, so I just stood there with the bouquet in my right hand, trying desperately to look nonchalant.

A door opened, and the men started to file through it in solemn procession.

"Come!" said Lena, laying a firm hand on my bare arm.



We walked through the doorway together and the next thing I knew I was being smothered in a searing, breathless cloud of white-hot steam.

I gasped and spluttered and felt quite certain I was about to die. What a glorious exit! Boiled to death in a Finnish bath house . . .

I had lost sight of Lena in the clouds of steam. I continued to gasp and grunt, hoping somebody would grab me and yank me out of there. But suddenly the death pangs seemed to pass away. In their place I got the feeling that I was so strong and vigorous I could tear the place apart if necessary. I could feel my heart pounding, but that strange sense of well-being was worth experiencing.

I looked around and noted that the other bathers were climbing up some wooden steps which led to a slatted platform just under the roof. But they were doing something else, too. They had their birch twig bouquets in their right hands and were beating themselves merrily all over their bodies.

Nervously, I tried it myself. I slapped my sweating chest with the birch leaves and discovered they didn't hurt at all. Then I started beating myself all over, as violently as the rest, and actually began to enjoy it.

I noticed Lena watching me from another door. She was nodding approvingly and was pointing through the door. One or two of the men began to trickle that way, so I followed.

I got the shock of my life when I was seized by two buxom females who scrubbed me and rubbed me from head to toe with giant scrubbing brushes which felt like porcupine quills, and then began to whip me with more birch twigs.

I didn't know it then, but they were using a very effective means of gingering up my circulation. The ritual of the scrubbing and the beating has been indulged in by the Finns for a thousand years and is guaranteed to "chase all aches, pains and evil from the body."

Firm female hands forced me to a sitting position. Both my feet were grabbed and plunged into a bucket of ice-water. The sensation was extraordinary.

Delightful waves of coolness surged upwards from my feet right through my body to the top of my head, then, *whoosh!* The entire contents of the bucket were flung over me, and my two buxom hand-maidens pulled me into a shower room where I was permitted to relax under a chilly deluge.

About five minutes passed, then they grabbed me again and gave me a brisk and brutal toweling.

Lena appeared, took my arm once more and led me to the rest room where I was ordered to stretch out on a divan for half an hour before going back to the dressing room.

I felt good on that divan—miraculously clean, rested, refreshed, but still a little shaken.

I clothed myself, with white-clad females still milling around me, then emerged to a world where I found to my surprise that human beings were behaving as normally as when I had entered the door of the Sauna.

That was my first experience of Finland's ideas about bathing, but a few days later I learned that a common

(turn over)





public Sauna has nothing on a family Sauna where the bathing and the ritual takes place in a little wooden bath hut about a hundred yards from every Finnish home.

The friends I visited had their bath hut on the edge of a pine-fringed lake, so that at the end of the sauna routine one could emerge from the steaming heat of the bath hut and fling oneself into the ice-cold waters to cool off.

In winter, I was told, the ice on the lake is six inches thick, and the bathers, both men and women, stand naked on its surface, digging a hole through which to plunge.

My Finnish friends invited me to take a bath with the whole family—the father and mother, two sons and a twenty-year-old daughter.

Sharing the bath is a regular social occasion, and invitations to join in a sauna with members of both sexes are as normal as offers of a drink in this country.

The heat and steam in the family bath hut came from a primitive wood stove on top of which was piled a heap of stones. These stones were almost red hot and every few minutes one member of the family would climb down from the platform near the roof, on which we were relaxing, to pour water onto them.

This caused a great cloud of steam to rise and surround us, and we were soon sweating so much that we had to climb down in search of cooler and gentler air near the floor.

Birch leaves were again handed round. These, I was told, had been gathered according to custom in July.

We all slapped each other with them, having a rare old time cavorting around the bath hut in our birthday suits and whipping each other till we were glowing all over.

Then we scrubbed ourselves, sluiced ourselves down with buckets of cold water, and jumped in the lake.

After a couple of minutes in the water we entered the rest room of the bath hut and lounged in armchairs, in a state of far more complete relaxation than the best of ordinary hot baths ever produces.

Nobody need feel shame for his nakedness at a Finnish Sauna, even if the company is mixed. The Finns have been used to taking their steam baths, males and females together and with their friends also present, since they were babes in arms.

In country districts peasant babies are born in gently-heated bath houses, and old people are carried there to die. For the Finns neither your body or anyone else's is endowed with mystery.

One rule of the Sauna ritual is that if the women of the party all go to the bath hut together, their male host will arrive half an hour later to scrub their backs.

If the males go together, the hostess performs the same function for them.

In the depths of winter the Sauna bathers use snow to cool themselves off. They all emerge from the bath house naked, and roll in the snow with the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below. They *avoid* catching cold that way.

The Sauna has another very important use so far as males are concerned. The Finns are a nation of heavy drinkers and the Sauna is a certain cure for a hangover, with its steaming and cold douches.

Finnish women avoid make-up, relying instead on the post-operative effect of a Sauna. There is a Finnish saying to the effect that a woman looks her best one hour after she emerges from the bath house, so she times her dates accordingly.

The Sauna may seem strange and primitive when we compare it to our own white tiles, chromium fittings, machine-made rubber sponges, electric water-heaters. It's just a simple wooden hut, a log-stoked stove, and a few switches of birch leaves.

Yet the most modern and scientifically-minded Finn would never give up his weekly steam bath. Doctors of that country can find nothing but good to say of its use for normally healthy people. They say that it contributes much to the sturdy Finnish physique and calm poise, and that Finland would never have won 229 Olympic medals (a number unequalled by any other country of Finland's population) without the athletes' extensive use of Sauna.

The greatest symphonies of Sibelius, the Finnish composer-genius, were conceived after the grand old man had received inspiration amid the clouds of steaming vapor in his bath house.

And after sampling the Sauna myself, I hereby declare that if anybody with enterprise and capital opens a public Finnish bath house in any street of my home town, I'll be outside on opening day complete with a large-size bunch of birch leaves, and entrance fee in hand.



Arlene journeyed out into the suburbs with her handsome escort to visit Nick Scellane's popular Steak Pit, in Paramus, N.J.

miss dude

on the town



Fate struck in Hicksville, L.I., this month, and fastened on the person of 21-year old Arlene Rogers. In everyday life, she's a secretary in a large New York office, with ambitions for a theatrical career—but this month was something special, when the board of judges of the MISS DUDE contest unanimously chose her as our queen.

Here's a pictorial record of her week-long triumphal tour of the city of New York—together with a portfolio which'll convince you—as it did us—that this is a girl who can't be overlooked.

Miss Dude's easy assurance before the camera made her a natural for our photographers. Her gay, carefree air made her the center of attraction wherever she went.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ ECK



Comics Al Fisher and Lou Marks laugh it up with Arlene at Long Island's swank Golden Slipper Club.



Dinner at Manhattan's Bird n' Glass includes a chat with the restaurant's house pianist.



DUDE editor Jim Holmes (at left) joins Miss Dude and friends at the Hotel Plaza's Palm Room for a cocktail-hour chat. With them are Harriette Neutra, New York agent, and Mr. Neutra.



Arlene visits the Cafe Rouge at the Hotel Stoller, where bandleader Jimmy Dorsey has a big hello for her.



Arlene's charm is part girl-next-door, part-siren. She believes in lasting love, likes to date older men.

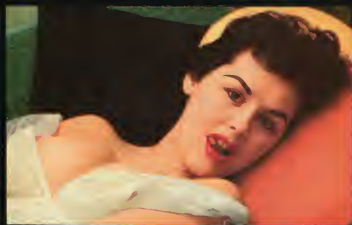
A PAGAN VISION

The American artist Rupert Conrad, an accomplished master at capturing sensuality in paint, has long been fascinated by Jutgen, the uproarious satirical novel by James Branch Cabell which caused a major censorship stir in the 'Twenties. Here is his sparkling interpretation of one of the major scenes in the book — capturing the warm glow of the flesh of a beautiful woman and the joyful spirit of the original text.

A native Detroitier, Conrad studied with John Carroll, Carl Millas, the Swedish sculptor, and Boardman Robinson of Colorado Springs. He assisted Ben Stahl for several years and was an instructor at the Famous Artists School of Westport, Conn.

His work is represented in the Library of Congress, the Detroit Institute of Art, Metropolitan, Brooklyn and Toledo Museums, the National Gallery of Paris, France, the Philadelphia and Seattle Print Clubs as well as appearing in the finest private collections.





POST OFFICE, ANYONE?

by *Bill Prospero*

Those of you who goofed during geography class in school because of that tawny-haired chick in the next seat now have an unparalleled opportunity to catch up. And believe me, you've been missing out on some rather interesting doings!

For instance, try some of these names on for size. Believe it or not, they're all the names of real places in the little old U.S. of A. A careful perusal of this list will provide you with loads of enlightenment, education, intellectuality, and all that sort of thing—plus a new and rather unique insight into some of the things that must go on in this country. As we said—post office, anyone?

Accident, Md.
Adamant, Vt.
Affinity, W. Va.
Allgood, Ala.
Amazonia, Mo.
Amigo, W. Va.
Arthurbabel, Ky.
Askew, Miss.
Assawoman, Va.
Ball, La.
Ball Club, Minn.
Bally, Pa.
Bareville, Pa.
Beaucaup, Ill.
Beauty, Ky.
Big Lick, Tenn.
Bin, W. Va.
Bloamer, Wisc.
Blue Ball, Ark.
Boba, Miss.
Brandy, Va.
Broadland, S.D.
Bromide, Okla.
Bulger, Pa.
Bushyhead, Okla.
Busy, Ky.
Cabin John, Md.
Caress, W. Va.
Casanova, Va.
Changewater, N.J.
Charm, Ohio
Chateaugay, N.Y.
Cheapside, Tex.
Cherry Run, W. Va.
Chest Springs, Pa.
Chilly, Idaho
Choccolocco, Ala.
Choice, Tex.
Chunky, Miss.
Cinderella, W. Va.
Climax (nine of 'em!)
Clinchmore, Tenn.
Combined Locks, Wisc.
Camer, Ga.
Comfort, N.C.
Competition, Mo.
Conception Junction, Mo.
Contact, Nev.
Cool, Calif.
Cornstalk, W. Va.
Couch, Mo.
Coupland, Tex.
Coy City, Tex.
Crab Orchard, Neb.
Creamery, Pa.
Crummies, Ky.
Cutlips, W. Va.
Dice, Ky.
Difficult, Tenn.
Dike, Iowa

Dime Box, Tex.
Dimple, Ky.
Dingus, Ky.
Dongola, Ill.
Dry Prong, La.
Dwarf, Ky.
Eclectic, Ala.
Economy, Ind.
Eek, Alaska
Eighty Eight, Ky.
Experiment, Ga.
Felicity, Ohio
Fertile, Minn.
Fidelity, Ill.
Fig, N.C.
Folly Beach, S.C.
Fossil, Ore.
French Lick, Ind.
Gackle, N.D.
Gayville, S.D.
Gee, Ky.
Gip, W. Va.
Grab, Ky.
Grand Mound, Iowa
Gratis, Ohio
Gusher, Utah
Haggard, Kon.
Happy, Ky.
Hippo, Ky.
Honor, Mich.
Hurry, Md.
Hustler, Wisc.
Hygiene, Colo.
Intercourse, Pa.
Jumbo, Okla.
Kinsey, Mont.
Kisimmee, Fla.
Knob Lick, Mo.
Ladiesburg, Md.
Lay, Colo.
Left Hand, W. Va.
Letcher, S.D.
Letts, Ind.
Licking, Mo.
Little Barren, Ky.
Lively, Va.
Lone Wolf, Okla.
Long Eddy, N.Y.
Love, Miss.
Lovely, Ky.
Loving, N.M.
Lawman, Id. 3.
Lulu, Fla.
Maiden, N.C.
Makemie Park, Va.
Moybee, Mich.
Merryville, La.
Mistletoe, Ky.
Modest Town, Va.
Mount Calm, Tex.

Mulch, Va.
Nebish, Minn.
Nogo, Ark.
Nook, Pa.
Odd, Va.
Ogle, Ky.
Okay, Ark.
Olalla, Wash.
Ono, Calif.
Onward, Miss.
Opportunity, Wash.
Oral, S.D.
Ordinary, Va.
Overpeck, Ohio
Pansey, Ala.
Peach Bottom, Pa.
Peculiar, Mo.
Peek, Okla.
Peel, Ark.
Pie Town, N.M.
Pile Bay, Alaska
Pillow, Pa.
Pleasant Mount, Pa.
Pleasant Unity, Pa.
Plush, Ore.
Prim, Ark.
Pumpville, Tex.
Quality, Ky.
Quick, W. Va.
Radiant, Va.
Rash, Ala.
Ready, Ky.
Redbush, Ky.
Relief, N.C.
Remount, S.C.
Rest, Kon.
Rich Square, N.C.
Romance, Mo.
Rough and Ready, Calif.
Rowdy, Ky.
Sailor Springs, Ill.
Saltpetre, W. Va.
Sappho, Wash.
Shaft, Pa.
Social Circle, Ga.
Solo, Mo.
Speculator, N.Y.
Sublime, Tex.
Swisher, Iowa
Twist, Ark.
Veribest, Tex.
Viceroy, Va.
Virgin, Utah
Vixen, N.C.
Wawa, Pa.
Whiskeytown, Calif.
Widemouth, W. Va.
Wild Cherry, Ark.
Wink, Tex.
Zap, N.D.



ILLUSTRATED BY WHITLOCK

The everyday, homespun, homegrown male jaw is a mere sexless piece of bone. It will never titillate the lay-it-on-the-line semi-pro, the first-time virgin, or the gay divorcee out for a knock-'em-out-and-stomp-on-the-mattress spree. But attach to it a hank of hair, and it's a brand new story. For it's an undeniable fact that, all too many babes, be they bitchy, bashful, or just plain bawdy, cannot resist being diddled, dandled, and delighted by a guy with a beard.

Why is it that beards bag babes? Why does a luscious chick, who is fast turning cold toward husband, or distant and disdainful to lover—perhaps even fast losing interest in all carnal matters, marital or extra-marital—find her reluctant fancy tickled into life by a mere tuft of hair? Has the beard got something diabolic or devilish, devout or debauched, riotous, raucous or rakish, patronizing, patriarchal, or political, inherent in it? Or is it no more than plain hair—without any magic to it? We think not. The beard makes out because to it is attached the myth of the super-sexual, brillo-jawed arty jack rabbit—Mephisto.

If you don't believe it, look at Greenwich Village or any of America's celebrated Bohemian playgrounds, where hirsute confusion reigns supreme. Its males—those who regularly enjoy the favor of ladies—more times than not sport something or other from the following list: the patriarch's leader-of-my-people mattress stuffing; the Tutankhamen tinkle of an Egyptian high priest's grassy tassel; the Genghis Khan Mongol-rapist's dangle of jaw-burlap; the sinister Fu Manchu's combo rope mustache and button beard; the Smith Brothers' rock-of-the-nation, pillar-of-society chest protector; the bookworm-scholar-philosopher's unvaliant van Dyke, and—last but definitely not least—the king beard of them all—Mephisto's satanic, diabolic, turgid tuft.

Few indeed are the babes who can resist swallowing the sugar-coated myth of sexual inexhaustibility and artistic genius which haloes Mephisto so effectively. His claims to Rembrandtesque powers with the palette are proven by the various colors rakishly adorning the inevitable blue jeans, with an additional smear or two decorating the equally inevitable beret. Winter, summer, spring or autumn, the uniform never changes. By day or by night Mephisto can be seen worn by jeans and led by his beard. (Usually after dark, for when the rest of mankind are sleepily pulling their holes in after them he first comes crawling out of his catch-a-catch-can nocturnal crevice.) Toward the bar of bars he ambles, there hoping to make out with a willing, well-off and well-stacked chick.

Quietly taking inventory, Mephisto glances through the press of his competition in the bar. Not a likely prospect in sight—but what just came in? Is that gorgeous doll for real? Like a female panther creeping toward its mate, hastened by a full jungle moon, she, Mephisto's choice for the night, slowly undulates toward the bar, hips rotating, pelvis tilted tantalizingly forward in the best mantrap tradition. The overt magic of a tight-fitting, unbrassiered sweater, the long, well-rounded legs sheathed in silken mesh, the dreamy boudoir-inviting eyes, the full, half-open, half-promising lips are bait which, with the addition of her loot, is irresistible. In front of him, for the asking, is a very acceptable "live-o."

go horizontal?
What makes vertical gods

BEARDS

IN THE BOUDOIR

essay... MILTON EDER

"Doll, we met a long time ago," Mephisto, having sidled up to his target, says, tugging at his beard suggestively.

"We've met? Where? When? I've never seen you before. Not in this world, anyhow," says the doll, her curiosity aroused, her eyes on the beard.

Turning his most romantic, out-of-this-world half-leering look upon her, Mephisto says, "You're right, doll. It wasn't in this world, this time, that we met. It was in a far country, a long time ago. You were a princess; I was a captain of the guard. . . . One day I was called upon to act as your escort. That's how it started. Then we fell in love." His chin twitches slightly.

Laughing, she turns to Mephisto, saying, "It's corny but cute. Tell me more." What a beard, she thinks. I wonder if . . . And by this time she's firmly hooked to his rug. With inevitable and delectable consequences.

Blue jeans alone aren't enough. Arty pretensions will only take a man so far. But give him a sprout below his pout and every girl's pearls are his oyster. For it is an old piece of Bohemian folk wisdom that any good girl can be bearded into a hair.

THE BOHEMIA OF ARTHUR ARCHER

(Continued from page 11)

ly divested herself of the garment. It was one that fastened in front, and it came away with a sibilant *whiss!*—and she was uncovered, except for the high heels and nylons.

Then she finished the movement interrupted by the bra. Her hands lovingly, gently, tenderly, then more tightly, more ferociously, cupped the breasts, pulled them up, and her hands swept away, up to her face, where they ran palms-flat across the planes of her cheeks, back to lift her hair away in a wild movement.

Her breasts quivered, and the tiny pink nipples rose from her burning touch. She strained toward the blond boy in the chair, and Arthur could feel molten slag coursing up and down his body, drenching his thighs in sweat.

With a little moan she leaped in the air, came down spinning, her breasts moving with every action, the nipples alert and standing forth.

Then she moved toward Arthur. "I'm gonna regret this in the mornin', but right now I don't give a damn!" she said, running her tongue over his lips, leaving them shining.

Arthur had almost forgotten he was smoking; the cigarette had burned so close to his face as he watched, hardly realizing it was there, that it sent smoke into his eyes, bringing tears, its heat searing his lips.

He yanked the butt from his mouth and crushed it under his heel, standing to meet her as he did so. She came to him, and her body was a live thing, all flame and silk, thrust against him. He felt every ridge and depression of her. The smoldering twin fires of her breasts, the matted heat of her lower body, the smooth expanse of her stomach... he felt like screaming. It was all the women he had ever bedded, and more—it was all the women he had ever dreamed of bedding!

His hands started low, cupped, and moved over her buttocks, into the small of her back, up and around, and winding, till he had her breasts in his hands, and he lowered his perspiring face to them.

The soft nipples tautened under his lips, and suction brought them standing again, with the passion of what was to come building up from her bowels, enveloping them both.

Then she leaped away.

He stood there panting, watching her. She stepped toward him again, and he grabbed her, pulling her close by her hair. She wrapped one leg around his, and ground herself into him. And her lips were mad, insane things, demanding to be bruised, bloodied.

Then he felt her working on the buttons of his shirt, and eased back. She caught one of them, and in his anxiety he brushed her hand away, ripped the shirt loose. The button bounced to the floor, but he didn't hear it. In a matter of seconds she had him naked also, and they moved carefully, closely, hotly together.

The music ended suddenly, and they stood staring at each other, their breath coming hard and deep. He stared down the entire length of her, perspiration giving her suntanned flesh a gloss that brought water to his mouth.

He moved in on her, put his lips to her bare shoulder

and sucked, biting slightly. When he drew away, a red patch had been left, and she stood there, head thrown back, mouth open, and eyes shut, breathing deeply.

The silence of the room became oppressive for a moment, and then, as naturally, as logically, as if they had known each other since the dawn of time, they were on the bed, moving together in a tight motion.

Then they were rubbing into each other, their limbs entwined, and the real act began. The heaving and tossing of boats on stormy seas, the crack of lightning, the smashing of the Great Wall of China, all were there, locked in them as they moaned in each other's ears.

The next number on the radio was a quiet love song, but it didn't fit the mood of action in the room.

"Oh, Great God, no! Of all the creeps I could've shared up with... I had to wind up with you!"

Arthur turned over, feeling muggy but contented, and saw the outraged and rumpled face of Christie Mayland, hair tumbled and eyes bright, staring down at him. She was propped on one hand, and her eyes spat vehemence. "That'll teach me to get plastered!"

"What's the matter, Christie?" he asked, hoping she wouldn't remember she disliked him.

"Don't call me Christie, you goddam jerk of a conformist!" She heaved out the word "conformist" as though it were "leprosy" or "dog catcher." This was the problem to end all problems. A Bohemian stripper, who didn't like him—good lay though he had been—because he wasn't stinking, barefoot and loaded with literata.

So Arthur Archer, uncomfortable in the Village to begin with, lay there for an hour listening to Christie's tirade against him. It seemed she wasn't disturbed because he had made her, it was just that he was such a schloook of a bourgeois conformist—no Bohemianism to him at all—she couldn't face her friends, the artists and authors.

"So I'll become a Bohemian," Arthur interrupted, just saying it so she might lay off him.

"You? You a Bohemian? Don't make me vomit! I never want to see you again... you, you, you creep!" she concluded, her rage mounting till it moved her hand. The fist slammed around, belted a beaut into Arthur's jaw, and Christie was long-legged out of bed.

"Ooooh," she moaned, looking down. "And with the nylons on yet! My last pair!"

He nursed his jaw, watching her dress quickly (and she was still the sexiest animal he'd ever met!), and then tried a timorous, "So long, Christie baby."

All he got for his trouble was a "Humphh!" and the door slammed. Arthur felt like the very hell.

That Stuff-For-The-Entire-Summer was walking away.

Then he remembered what he had said, groping for a way to keep Christie handy.

It had only been an idle straw-grasping, but suddenly everything dawned, and he saw how he could capture Christie.

But first he had to do some research.

He had gotten her address from Deirdre. He had gotten briefed and directed by Bert... who was utterly confused by the entire affair. He has done the reading



"Meanwhile, back at the oasis, the Arabs were eating their dates..."

(almost twenty-five books in one week). He had gone down to the Village night after night, sitting in Rienzi's and Nick's, and picked up the local color, the manner of speech, the topics of discussion. He had gotten in with a fellow at a record shop, and was painfully absorbed in the music. He had brought the necessary attire for the situation. And now he was ready.

His head burst with Hemingway and Mencken and Proust and T. S. Eliot and Colette and Tolkien and de Tocqueville and Kafka and Strindberg and Cassirer and Sartre, plus a hundred others whose work he had nibbled and sampled and scanned. His whistling now ran to Ives and Bach and Bartok and Mahler and Berlioz and Vivakhi and Orff and Scarlatti. He could spot a Brueghel or a Monet or a Dufy or a Kandinsky or a Wyeth or a Picasso at eighty paces. He knew the plot of every play, off- and on-Broadway, for the last five years.

When he appeared at the door of Christie Mayland's fourth-floor walkup apartment, wearing Bermuda walking shorts, sandals, a green beret, a beard of two weeks growth, no shirt but a rep tie knotted carefully about his throat, Christie spat, screamed "You're ridiculous!" and slammed the door in his face.

Since then, it had been a round of parties, one after another, with the hope he'd see Christie again. But after the thirteenth one, he had become so involved with the groups of Bohemians in the Village, so taken with their discussions, he wasn't particularly interested any more.

He got himself a furnished room in the Village—determined to make it with Christie again some day, but, in the meantime, somehow *enjoying* this Bohemian life. It was beginning to be a pleasure.

And, finally one night Christie turned up. He was in the midst of a group of younger Villagers at Rienzi's, explaining how his novel—the one in progress—was to be a scathing denunciation of the ironclad mind of the conformist college man.

She saw him, and her jaw literally dropped. He

watched her from the corner of his eye as she came toward them, and as he watched her long-legged stride, the subtle whispering of nylon against nylon, flesh against flesh, he suddenly realized the past month or so had wrought a great change in him. The pleasures of the flesh, were important, of course, but they were secondary, actually. He wasn't really any longer interested in Christie. She was beautiful, all right, but that was more for the conformist... for the college man. She wasn't... she just wasn't...

He couldn't quite put it into words.

He was talking to a short, dumpy, curlyheaded girl, and fished for his cigarette holder from his pocket, took a butt from behind his ear, leaned toward the girl for a light.

Abruptly, Christie's hand jutted toward the head of one of the acolytes, and she was offering him the flame of her lighter.

He accepted it without looking around, and when she said huskily, "Hello... Art... I heard you were living down here now..."

He looked up at her. Beautiful. That was all. Just absolutely luscious gorgeous without-comparison beautiful. Such a pity.

"Don't you say hello?" she asked.

"Not too often..." he replied, and then it all summed up so clearly; for once Arthur was able to express what he meant so simply, and he knew what was wrong with her:

"You aren't Bohemian enough!"

He turned back to the dumpy, curlyheaded girl—who would be happy, nay overjoyed, to go to bed with this rising light of the Village Bohemian crowd—and resumed telling her about the existentialist novel he was writing. Down here. Down in the Village... where he belonged.

Where girls like Christie were just *too* bourgeois...



Editha's Christmas Burglar

It was the night before Christmas, and Editha was all agog. It was all so exciting, so exciting! From her little bed up in the nursery she could hear Mumsey and Daddy down-stairs putting the things on the tree and jamming her stocking full of broken candy and oranges.

"Hush!" Daddy was speaking. "Eva," he was saying to Mumsey, "It seems kind of silly to put this ten-dollar gold-piece that Aunt Isaac sent to Editha into her stocking. She is too young to know the value of money. It would be just a bauble to her. How about putting it in with the household money for this month? Editha would then get some of the food that was bought with it and we would be ten dollars in."

nature . . . ROBERT BENCHLEY

A sweet and touching fable

about a lovely little girl

who caught hell on Noel

Dear old Daddy! Always thinking of someone else! Editha wanted to jump out of bed right then and there and run down and throw her arms about his neck, perhaps shutting off his mind.

"You are right, as usual, Hal," said Mumsey. "Give me the gold-piece and I will put it in with the house funds."

"In a pig's eye I will give you the gold-piece," replied Daddy. "You will nest it away somewhere until after Christmas and then go out and buy yourself a muff with it. I know you, you old grafter." And from the sound which followed, Editha knew that Mumsey was kissing Daddy. Did ever a little girl have two such darling parents? And, hugging her Teddy-bear close to her, Editha rolled over and went to sleep.

She awoke suddenly with the feeling that someone was downstairs. It was quite dark and the radiolite traveling-clock which stood by her bedside said eight o'clock, but, as the radiolite traveling-clock hadn't been running since Easter, she knew that that couldn't be the right time. She knew that it must be somewhere between three and four in the morning, however, because the blanket had slipped off her bed, and the blanket always slipped off her bed between three and four in the morning.

And now to take the question of who it was downstairs. At first she thought it might be Daddy. Often Daddy sat up very late working on a case of Scotch and at such times she would hear him downstairs counting to himself. But whoever was there now was being very quiet. It was only when he jammed against the china-cabinet or joggled the dinner-gong that she could tell that anyone was there at all. It was evidently a stranger.

Of course, it might be that the old folks had been right all along and that there really was a Santa Claus after all, but Editha dismissed this supposition at once. The old folks had never been right before and what chance was there of their starting in to be right now, at their age? None at all. It couldn't be Santa, the jolly old soul!

It must be a burglar then! Why, to be sure! Burglars always come around on Christmas Eve and little yellow-haired girls always get up and go down in their nighties and convert them. Of course! How silly of Editha not to have thought of it before!

With a bound, the child was out on the cold floor, and with another bound she was back in bed again. It was too cold to be fooling around without slippers on. Reaching

down by the bedside, she pulled in her little fur foot-pieces which Cousin Mabel had left behind by mistake the last time she visited Editha, and drew them on her tiny feet. Then she got out and started on tip-toe for the stairway.

She did hope that he would be a good-looking burglar and easily converted, because it was pretty gosh-darned cold, even with slippers on, and she wished to save time.

As she reached the head of the stairs, she could look down into the living-room where the shadow of the tree stood out black against the gray light outside. In the doorway leading into the dining room stood a man's figure, silhouetted against the glare of an old-fashioned burglar's lantern which was on the floor. He was rattling silverware. Very quietly, Editha descended the stairs until she stood quite close to him.

"Hello, Mr. Man!" she said.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" he asked.

The burglar looked up quickly and reached for his gun. "I see Editha," replied the little girl in the sweetest voice she could summon, which wasn't particularly sweet at that as Editha hadn't a very pretty voice.

"You?" Editha, is *you*?" replied the burglar. "Well, come on down here. Grandpa used to speak to you."

"Youse is not my Grandpa," said the tot, getting her baby and tough talk slightly mixed. "Youse is a dreat, bid, burglar."

"All right, kiddo," replied the man. "Have it your own way. But come on down. I want ter show yer how yer kin make smoke come out yer eyes. It's a Christmas game." "This guy is as good as converted already," thought Editha to herself. "Right away he starts wanting to teach me games. Next he'll be telling me I remind him of his little girl at home."

So with a light heart she came the rest of the way downstairs, and stood facing the burly stranger.

"Sit down, Editha," he said, and gave her a hearty push which sent her down heavily on the floor. "And stay there, or I'll mash you one on that baby nose of yours."

This was not in the schedule as Editha had read it in the books, but it doubtless was this particular burglar's way of having a little fun. He *did* have nice eyes, too.

"Dat's naughty to do," she said, scoldingly.

"Yeak!" said the burglar, and sent her spinning against the wall. "I guess you need attention, kid. You can't be trusted." Whereupon he slapped the little girl. Then he took a piece of rope out of his bag and tied her up good and tight, with a nice bright bandana handkerchief around her mouth, and trussed her up on the chandelier.

"Now hang there," he said, "and make believe you're a Christmas present, and if you open yer yap, I'll set fire to yer."

Then, filling his bag with the silverware and Daddy's imitation sherry, Editha's burglar tip-toed out by the door. As he left, he turned and smiled. "A Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good Night," he whispered, and was gone.

And when Mumsey and Daddy came down in the morning, there was Editha upon the chandelier, sore as a crab. So they took her down and spanked her for getting out of bed without permission.

Banty Longobardi trudged up his own back steps; his cap was in his hand and his pay on his hip. He'd take the old woman to the Little Pulaski—triple horror feature with blue enamel ovenware to the ladies and community singing.

But the door was locked and the woman was out, so he went down the steps again. She ought to know better than to go visiting on a community-singing, free-ovenware night.

He came to the alley beneath the El, where Punchdrunk Murphy so patiently watched before the gamblers' door. Punchdrunk let him pass by raising one arm, and he stood at the dice table just to watch. The stickman pointed the stick at Banty; but Banty kept his pay in his pocket.

"I'm cold," he explained when the dice came by again, meaning the dice didn't yet feel right to his hand. He

opened his collar, the place was so warm, and unbuttoned the pocket where the week's pay hid. When they came by again he felt a bit warmer. Bought two chips for a dollar and bet them both on the field. Saw the dice turn a five and watched the banker making two chips four. Let the four ride, without betting on a pass, and saw a ten come up. So he pinched his little package and let some spook beside him finish his hand.

"Four soldiers to the good," he assured himself, "that's got it over community singin'. That's eight double features, any night of the week." She could go by herself or take Mrs. Prystalski some evening when he was putting in overtime. He felt them coming his way again as though bringing him money from home.

At half-past eight Banty had forty chips. At a quarter of nine he had ninety and had torn the top button off his

Banty's wife was a funny woman—

and when the chips were down,

she was all woman

STICKMAN'S

LAUGHTER

fiction . . . NELSON ALGREN

shirt. At ten after ten he cashed in for forty dollars, and the stickman pointed jokingly with the stick while Banty tried buttoning a button that wasn't there.

"Tell 'em where you got it, Shorty," he advised Banty Longobardi, "in how easy it was."

Banty left through Murphy's door. He picked his way down the littered tunnel of the El, seeing the places where the gray cats lived and smelling the tar-wagon stench where someone's roof was being repaired in the summer weather. He heard the rush of city waters, beneath the city streets, and the passionate passing of the day's last express. So came again to his own back steps and trudged up a flight with a pay roll clutched in his bumpy, toughened little palm. And the old pay roll still on his hip.

But the door was locked and the woman was out, and Banty stood alone in the yellow kitchen. He stood beneath an unshaded bulb, the yellow light on his broken face, and walked into the tiny bedroom as into a stranger's place. There was nothing to see in there, however, but a disheveled bed with a chemise among the covers. He felt done in for a moment and sat on the bed's very edge, rubbing the nub of his nose. He had had the bridge of it removed ten years before, at a promoter's urging, when he wasn't yet twenty and had won four professional bouts. The promoter's theory had been that Banty would have earned enough, by the time he retired, to buy a wax bridge. The theory hadn't worked out: Banty sat swinging a pavement-colored cap between his knees without any bridge at all and tired enough for any two men. But when his head touched the pillow he felt alone all over again, and rose.

He left the bedroom light burning.

"To show her I been in here too," he considered sulkily, and pulled a half-gallon empty from under the kitchen sink—an empty was good for a sixteen-ounce by Bruno the bartender any time.

He sat in the abandoned tavern before a schooner of winter beer. Why couldn't she have been home the one time he'd won? Once he'd lost his check at blackjack and had mumbled that he'd been jackrolled. She'd caught him in the lie, and he'd tried to convince her that she'd

(turn over)

misunderstood: he hadn't said "jackroll," he'd said "blackjack." That was when she'd started laughing, he'd sounded that silly. But the way she'd laughed—it had let him laugh with her. That was how that one had ended. Some old woman.

Once he'd dropped ten dollars on something called Harp Weaver at Boston and she'd been home then too.

But this time, when he'd put them two months up on the landlord, she was gone for hours. And he didn't want to gamble any more. Banty felt he didn't want to gamble again the rest of his life. "A man's got to quit sometime, and when he's thirty and a working stiff, then that's as good a time as any," he assured himself.

It didn't matter to him where his girl was. Wherever she was, she was taking care of herself. But he wanted her by his side, to take care of him now.

"What is life without a wife?" he hummed idly, tapping the sweating glass with his stubby fingers. He had jammed the knuckles of his hand in his last bout and in moments like this the knuckles ached a little: tapping them relieved the ache.

Then he had three shots, to relieve the ache further, and began wondering how long he'd been gone. He didn't want to drink up too much of the extra pay roll; but he'd give her plenty of time to get home and miss him a spell too.

Knowing that she was at her mother's didn't make the minutes pass any faster. And her mother's was the only place she ever went that Banty didn't want to come along too. Her people didn't trust him. They said, things in Polish about Italians that made Banty wish, sometimes, that he was a flannelmouth Polak too.

The bartender was a flannelmouth. Everyone in the ward was a flannelmouth. Banty threw two slugs down his throat in rapid succession, waited till they hit his stomach, then wandered idly over to the bar.

"C'mere," Banty commanded.

Bruno the bartender bent an ear over the pretzels. Banty leaned over, his pudgy palms gripping the bar's edge, and whispered confidentially:

"Can I say somethin'?"

"Go ahead."

"I wanta say somethin'."

"Okay, okay, go ahead and say something."

"What should I say?"

The bartender turned away, but Banty caught his sleeve.

"God damn, what kind of man are you, tellin' me 'I say somethin'?"

Bruno the bartender brushed Banty off his sleeve, folded his arms on the bar, and leaned toward his customer with huge patience.

"Look, I not tell you what to say. You want to say something by me. Okay. Free country. I'm wait. You say."

"Okay," Banty said suddenly. "I'll say it! Chickory-chick-chala-chala—how's *that*?" He was proud of himself.

Bruno the bartender studied him one long moment. "Now I'll tell you something," Bruno said. "Your old lady just went by. You go home by her."

"Let her wait," Banty answered. "Let her wait till I'm good 'n ready."

"You lose your money," Bruno warned him.

Banty put his hand across his eyes because a light was in them. He saw a string attached to the light and stood up to pull it, to make everything dark like everything should be.

Everything got dark all right, and got dark with a roaring; the dark was a roaring in his head and he came to hearing the thunder of the Garfield Park local overhead and seeing the littered places, between the beams, where the gray cats lived. He heard the local slowing toward Damen. Saw Murphy opening a familiar door.

"It don't mean a thing if it don't cross the string," someone intoned warningly. But added hopefully, "Double your money 'n beat the banker."

He edged to the table, as curious as though he'd never seen a dice game in his life. A nice little package for anyone's starter, and he made an effort to remember whether he'd paid for them yet. Banty didn't want to cheat anyone.

"It ain't hard—nobody's barred . . ."

When he looked at the package again, it was smaller. But in a moment it was almost as high as before. He wanted to ask them what he was doing and when she'd get home. But if he asked them something like that they could tell he was drunk and would start cheating, he thought cunningly. He fitted the table's edge into his palms to keep from falling backward onto his skull.

"When I'm in a public place," he explained obscurely, "that's where I am."

But no one was listening any more and Bruno had told him something and now he'd gone and forgotten it.

The pile grew again. And grew a little more. Until, all of a sudden, it was the smallest pile he had ever seen and everyone was smiling, because it wasn't there at all. He felt the dice between his fingers and knew there was something he'd just forgotten to do. He shook absently and remembered at last: he'd forgotten to pinch his package. The stickman touched Banty's hand: the boy was shaking, but nothing was riding.

"What goes?" the stickman asked.

Banty reached uncertainly to his hip, pulled out the pay roll he'd worked for and slapped it down with the flat of his palm on pass. He saw one dice cross the string and turn up an ace while the other rolled endlessly on—bounced against the table's guard and hurried anxiously back toward its resting mate. An inch away from the ace it wavered between a deuce and a six, then rolled wearily over on its back. Double ace. Snake-eyes.

The aces looked up at Banty with such sober reproach that he felt his own head clearing. He returned their stare, pleadingly, and they looked back as though saying, "Sorry, pal, we done our best." And the stickman pointing his mocking stick:

"Tell 'em where you got it, Shorty, 'n how easy it was."

"Where's my package?" Banty demanded, wanting to be drunk again so badly that he pronounced each word distinctly and too politely.

"Where at is my package?"

"You put the pack-age on, friend."

"The whole pack-age?"

"The whole pack-age."

Banty swayed. They'd done it again.

(turn to page 62)



*crazy,
horse,
crazy!*

*The phone number is BAL 69-69.
The address is 12 Avenue George
V, Paris, France. The name of
the place is the Crazy Horse
Saloon.*

A raffish *boite* done up to resemble an old time Wild West barroom, the Crazy Horse is the room that introduced a new kind of night club act to jaded French audiences and made 'em love it.

It's not ballet and it's not burlesque, but whatever it is, it's what the Paris *avant garde* is digging. It's intense, intellectual, inspired—and, we think you'll agree, rather interesting. . .



A night at the Crazy Horse Saloon means high drama and low comedy

served up as a smart, sparkling concoction sure to please the night-owl gourmet. F. Scott Fitzgerald devotees can relive the 'Twenties as a stoned-looking flapper mimics in and out of impossible period costumes, and demonstrates, in her own slightly schizophrenic manner, what the Lost Generation got all losted-up about. Even your maiden aunt who spends her time crocheting and rereading Dickens may pick up a little after a snifter of this piece of nostalgia.

Introverted, moody types will relish the little im-

promptu boudoir tragedies that sometimes take over the center of the saloon floor. Variations on the theme of non-makes-maid provide ample opportunity for display of the cast's histrionic and other talents. Sometimes it gets a trifle too exciting, and for beginners this will be the time to send your maiden aunt to the powder room for a break, while the passion swirls high and mighty.

It's a little crazy, some nights, over at 12 Avenue George V. Drop in your next time in Paris, though—it's the kind of craziness you might like. We do.





ILLUSTRATED BY JOAN GOODRICH

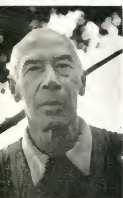
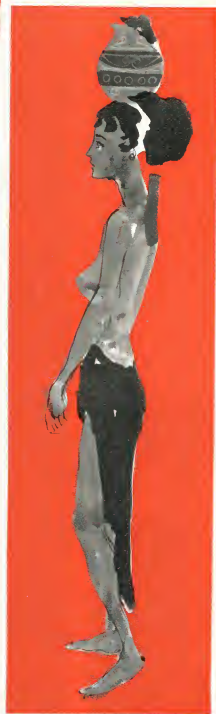


PHOTO LARRY GUNWILL

Few men of our time have achieved as penetrating an insight into sexuality as Henry Miller, best known for the notoriously Babolatian chronicles of his life, "Tropic of Cancer" and "Tropic of Capricorn." These books are only available in America "under the counter"—although recognized in Europe as ranking among the true masterpieces of modern literature.

But fortunately, not all of Miller's work is banned. We are privileged to preface an excerpt from "The Colossus of Maroussi," a monologue on Greece written after Miller and his friend, the poet Lawrence Durrell, visited that country. His keen eyes studied the women of Greece and his sharp pen recorded what he saw. The result is a loving hymn of devotion to the life of the senses, typical of Henry Miller at his best.



The Greek woman, even when she is cultured, is first and foremost a woman. She sheds a distinct fragrance; she warms and thrills you. Due to the absorption of Greeks from Asia Minor the new generation of Athenian womanhood has improved in beauty and vigor. The ordinary Greek girl whom one sees on the street is superior in every way to her American counterpart; above all she has character and race, a combination which makes for deathless beauty and which forever distinguishes the descendants of ancient people from the bastard offshoots of the New World. How can I ever forget the young girl whom we passed one day at the foot of the Acropolis? Perhaps she was ten, perhaps she was fourteen years of age; her hair was reddish gold, her features as noble, as grave and austere as those of the caryatids on the Erechtheum. She was playing with some comrades in a little clearing before a clump of ramshackle shanties which had somehow escaped the general demolition. Any one who has read "Death in Venice" will appreciate my sincerity when I say that no woman, not even the loveliest woman I have ever seen, is or was capable of arousing in me such a feeling of adoration as this young girl elicited. If Fate were to put her in my path again I know not what folly I might commit. She was child, virgin, angel, seductress, priestess, harlot, prophetess all in one. She was neither ancient Greek nor modern Greek; she was of no race or time or class, but unique, fabulously unique. In that slow, sustained smile which she gave us as we paused a moment to gaze at her there was that enigmatic quality which da Vinci has immortalized, which one finds everywhere in Buddhist art, which one finds in the great caves of India and on the facades of her temples, which one finds in the dancers of Java and of Bali and in primitive races, especially in Africa; which indeed seems to be the culminating expression of the spiritual achievement of the human race, but which today is totally absent in the countenance of the Western woman. Let me add a strange reflection—that the nearest approximation to this enigmatic quality which I ever noted was in the smile of a peasant woman at Corfu, a woman with six toes, decidedly

(turn to page 62)

essay . . . HENRY MILLER

THESE WOMEN I REMEMBER

(A Sequel to *WILDCAT*)

JOHNNY COME HOME

Pearley lay naked on the big satin-covered bed, staring at the ceiling. Johnny hadn't been home for three days. She didn't know where he was and she was damned tired of waiting. The big lovely bastard was so busy making money in the oil business she couldn't keep track of him. Probably whoring around, too, because no woman could keep away from him. Pearley remembered how she'd gone crazy just looking at those broad shoulders and the slim-hipped tallness of him, working there on the rig floor that day they'd struck oil on her pa's old run-down farm.

The very thought of the feel of him against her with the oil all over them set her crazy again. She could feel the hardness of his bare chest against her and the touch of him crushed against her breasts with the oil making their skin like satin. She moaned and clasped her firm breasts in her hands, wracked with longing for him. Rolling over on her belly she felt the sensuous satin against her bare breasts and she wanted Johnny so bad

her belly was quivering. She lay moving her body against the smooth silk. In an agony of desire she clutched the silken covers in her hands and pressed her breasts and hips bruisingly into them.

Unable to stand it she sprang from the bed and started to brush her shoulder-length blonde hair as she stood looking at herself in the full-length mirror. Her strong sinuous legs were slender and the round hips and flat lithe belly were strong and beautiful, promising fruitfulness and ripeness. She knew she hadn't changed, it was just that Johnny wasn't around much any more.

"Well, goddam, I ain't goin' to just sit and wait on that sweet bastard. I'll find him and make him come home with me," she said fiercely to the mirror, and, throwing the silver hairbrush angrily on the dresser, began to dress. Pulling on the gold mesh panties Johnny had given her when his last well came in, she swore aloud again.

"Hell, gold drawers! What I want with gold drawers if

(turn over)

PEARLEY NEEDED HIS LOVING. BAD. BUT ALL JOHNNY BLUE

HAD EYES FOR WAS THE FANCY LADY IN THE SPORTING HOUSE . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY SALLY BERWICK

the big sweet jackass ain't here to see me." She felt like crying but she just yanked the dress over her head and stuck her feet into her high-heeled shoes and stamped out of the house to the driveway. She got into her new Cadillac convertible and gunned it back into the street, barely missing a large truck loaded with pipe.

The truck driver slammed on his brakes and yelled something at her. She thumbed her nose at him and yelled back, "Up your bucket, Jack," and roared off down the street feeling a lot better.

She drove slowly through the jammed main street looking carefully for Johnny but she didn't see him and parked the car to look for him on foot. The town was crowded with people and traffic. The boom was on. The new oil field they'd discovered had brought whores, pimps, lease hounds and people of all kinds to Indiandale.

Pearley walked a block, looking in every store and pool hall. She started to cross the street when she saw Johnny's Cadillac turn the opposite corner going out of town. Sitting beside him was Flora, the woman who ran the whorehouse which competed with her old friend Dell's place. The two houses were just across the street from each other at the edge of town. Pearley yelled at Johnny but he didn't hear her. She ran back to her own car and started after him.

She knew she was too late by the time she got to her car and got it out of the traffic but she drove in the direction he'd taken. It was hopeless. Tears of frustration and danger came into her eyes and she whipped the car around, heading for Dell's place. Dell would know what was going on.

Pearley drew to a skidding halt in front of Dell's house and stomped up the steps. She opened the door and walked in.

Dell was just instructing the girls before the late afternoon and night's business started. She stopped in the middle of her talk. "Why, Pearley, honey, come in. Go into my apartment there and I'll be right with you." And she motioned to her apartment in the front of the house Dell turned to her girls. "That's all, but just remember what I say. Nobody gets rolled in Dell's place or else."

Pearley smiled and waved to the girls then walked into Dell's quarters. Dell came in behind her and shut the door.

"Honey, you look like hell. What's wrong?"

Pearley sat down and gritted her teeth. "I just saw that goddamned Flora from across the street riding in the car with Johnny. I'd like to bust her one right in the goddamned teeth," Pearley snapped, then she started to cry.

Dell put her arms around Pearley and sniffed a little herself. "Baby, don't cry. She don't mean nothin' to Johnny. Its just because he's a man and he can't do nothin' about that. Not that you'd want him to, either. But men are like some dogs, sometimes their tails wags them. I never saw a man that could think straight when some woman took after him. And that Johnny Blue is a real man, honey, a *real* man."

Pearley stopped crying and sat up straight in her chair. "I know he's a real man, Dell, but what good does that do me? I ain't slept with him for a week. He ain't never done any more. And it's because of that Flora. I'm going to fix that face of hers so no man will look at her."

"Now honey, you can't do that." Dell hesitated a moment. "Pearley, I hate to tell you, but you know what

a fiery temper you got, well, Johnny's afraid to come home because you might whip him for staying away so long."

"Dell, I never laid a hand on him except in love. Besides I ain't got such a temper less'n somebody is trying to screw me up someday."

Pearley looked out the window and saw Flora drive up to her house in Johnny's car. She was on her feet, pointing. "Look at that!" she yelled and Dell turned to the window. Flora was just getting out of the car and with a possessive motion slammed the door.

"I'll fix her!" Pearley shouted and was out the door like a scalded dog. Wild with anger, she stormed across the street and into Flora's house, Dell in hot pursuit. Flora was standing in the center of the big room and the night's business was just beginning. There were a few men in the room and Flora's girls were walking around in thin negligees. The juke box was going full blast.

"Where is my Johnny?" Pearley yelled above the noise.

Flora arched an eyebrow, smiling sweetly. "Why, Mrs. Blue, I ain't runnin' no lost and found bureau. If you can't hold your man, don't come runnin' to me." Then Pearley was on her. She got her hands into Flora's thick hair and began to shake her. Flora shrieked like a wounded banshee.

"Where is he?" Pearley shouted, but Flora hit her in the stomach and Pearley yanked harder and Flora shrieked louder, flailing Pearley with her fists. Pearley let go of her hair and started using her own fists. She landed a hard right to Flora's eye and she went down. Pearley was on top of her like a cat on a mouse. She was sitting on Flora's stomach pounding her in the face when one of Flora's girls started to pull her off.

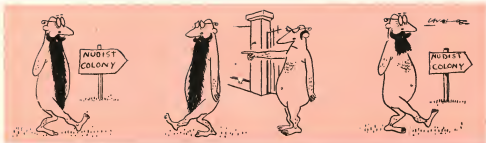
Dell grabbed a beer bottle in each hand and said: "The first son of a bitch that touches Pearley gets a beer bottle shampoo. This is a personal battle and I'm here to see it's a fair fight. May the best gal win!" The girls all stood back but they began to root for Flora and as the battle grew hotter the shouting grew louder. The men drifted out of the house and Dell stood her ground with the beer bottles, shouting encouragement to Pearley.

Pearley didn't need encouragement. She was pounding Flora's head against the floor when Flora arched her back and flung her off balance, then rolled over, pinning Pearley to the floor. Pearley went berserk. She grabbed Flora and pulled her toward her, sinking her teeth into Flora's right breast. Flora screamed and fought, then stopped dead still, screaming louder but not daring to move. "Get her loose! Get her loose!" she shrieked. "She's putting me out of business!"

Dell roared with laughter and shouted, "You better tell her where Johnny is or she'll bite it off!"

"He's out at the rig and he'll be here at ten o'clock to pick up his car," Flora wailed. "Take her off quick, somebody!" Pearley loosened her teeth, and got to her knees. Flora landed a solid right to her stomach. Pearley grunted and stood up as Flora was getting to her feet. Pearley wound up good and planted a solid knucklebuster on Flora's chin. Flora went down with a crash and stayed down, out cold. Then the sound of a siren came through the night and Dell yelled: "Pearley, let's go, here comes the sheriff!"

Pearley stood looking down at Flora then threw back



her head and laughed. "By gawd, it will be so sore she can't touch it herself, much less my Johnny." Then she looked around the room, eyeing the girls. "I ain't chopped cotton and plowed corn all my life for nothin' and the next woman I catch with my Johnny ain't goin' to just get off with no black eye ner a bit tit." No one was in any humor to quarrel with this and she and Dell ran out the back door just as the sheriff came in the front.

They ran down the alley and around a couple of houses before ending up at Dell's place to watch the sheriff hauling Flora and her girls off to jail. Soon Flora's house was dark. Pearley knew there would be no more visitors there that night.

Dell led her inside her own house and into her quarters. Pearley looked at herself in the mirror. Her clothes were torn and her hair was knotted and there was a red bruise across her cheek, otherwise she was unmarked. But inside she was miserable.

"Dell, I've messed things up for sure. Johnny'll hear about me whipping Flora and he'll be double scared to come home. What'll I do?" she wailed.

"Now don't cry. Pearley, it's done and she sure had it coming to her. We'll just have to think of something. Now get yourself cleaned up while I move Johnny's car over here in my yard."

"Dell, run mine in behind the house so he won't see it or he won't even stop to get his."

Dell left and Pearley started the water running in the large marble tub, dumping in a generous portion of bath salts. The big room's walls were completely covered with mirrors and as Pearley pulled her town dress over her head she could see herself from all angles. As the sweet-smelling steam rose from the bath she felt her blood rising and a heady warmth suffuse her body and she wished for Johnny. She kicked off her shoes and stripped away her gold panties. Then she stood looking at her body in the mirrors.

Her breasts stood out, silky and proud, and she touched them gently, caressing the taut tips. Her stomach crawled with longing for Johnny and she ran her hands down her flat belly and along her smooth thighs, writhing with want for him. Then she stepped into the warm

scented water and let it flow like tiny caressing fingers over her. She felt weak and enervated from her own heat as well as the water's. Taking the soft sponge she soaped it and began to lather herself. She lay on her back and thrust one slim leg into the air soaping her foot and working the lather along her leg feeling the soft stroking of the soapy sponge against her smooth skin moving the rich suds downward along her thigh. Then she did the same with the other leg. She sat up and soaped her arms and as much of her back as she could reach. Her stomach twisted as she thought of Johnny washing her back.

She stood up and began soaping her breasts and belly. The feel of the soap reminded her of the oil on their bodies that first time and the sweet stroking movement of the sponge drove her crazy with longing for Johnny as she continued with it over her belly and thighs. Then she could stand it no longer and she quickly washed the soap from her body and stepped out onto the bath mat. Taking a heavy towel she rubbed her skin to a pink glow which matched the fire inside her.

When she was finished she went into the bedroom and lay on Dell's big bed trying to think of some way to make Johnny forget to be scared of her temper and come home. If she could just get him in bed with her she could make him forget everything else. She had to think of something by the time he came for his car or he would be gone again.

From the other part of the house she could hear the sounds of people laughing and the juke box going full blast. Dell opened the door and came in.

"Honey, here are the keys. He ought to be here soon, it's nearly ten o'clock. You watch for him out the window and call me when he comes. I've got to stay out here. It's a big night since Flora's place is closed."

"Okay," Pearley said wearily as Dell went back to her business. Pearley rolled over and stared at the wall thinking that it was nice that Dell was getting business out of it all anyway. As she stared at the wall she saw electric fuse box for the whole house and she got up going to it. Each fuse was labeled and there was one to Dell's apartment. Pearley walked restlessly about the

(turn over)

room. She found some of Dell's fine perfume and dabbed a bit behind her ears. She set it back on the dresser beside a large bottle of scented bath oil. The dresser was loaded with cosmetics and perfumes.

Pearley went to the front window and raised the blind a few inches then lay across the bed watching outside for Johnny.

It seemed hours but it was really only a few minutes until she saw a car drive up. Johnny got out and the car went on, leaving him staring at Flora's house a minute before he turned toward Dell's door. He looked in his car and found the keys gone and started toward Dell's house. Pearley jumped off the bed and opened the door, yelling above the noise, "Dell, he's coming in!"

Dell came to Pearley's door and said, "I'll try to talk him into going home honey, then you can scout out to your car and meet him at home." Pearley hoped Dell could do it but she was doubtful. She stood holding the door open a crack so that she could hear what Johnny said.

He came in the front door and Dell met him.

"Hello, Dell," he said. "What's this I hear about Pearley whipping Flora and the sheriff closing her house?"

"Well, there was a little fight, but you know Pearley ain't goin' to stand for no other woman foolin' around with you, Johnny boy. You can't blame her. Besides if you'd go home and keep her happy now and then she wouldn't care what you do."

"Dell, I'm afraid to go home. You know Pearley's temper and I'm scared she'd take a flatiron to me. I guess I got it comin' but I sure don't want it."

"Johnny, don't be a damn fool. Pearley ain't mad at you. All she wants from you is some real lovin'. You go on home now. I'll get your keys and you promise me to go on home."

"Dell, I just ain't got the nerve. I know it don't sound right but I just ain't got the nerve."

"Don't be a big fool. Go on home to Pearley. She wants you."

"Well, maybe I will."

Pearley knew that tone and she knew Johnny wasn't about to go home. She had to do something. Quickly she went to the fuse box and unscrewed the fuse to Dell's apartment. The room went black and Dell came in for Johnny's keys. She flipped the switch but nothing happened. Pearley grabbed her by the arm and whispered, "I unscrewed the fuse. Get Johnny in here to fix it and then you sneak out and leave me with him."

Dell giggled, then called back through the door, "Johnny, come fix this fuse for me!"

Johnny came in and Dell slipped through the darkness and out the door. Pearley heard the lock snap closed.

"Jee-sus it's dark in here," Johnny said. "Where is the damn fuse box?" Pearley didn't say anything but she felt for Johnny in the darkness. Her hands found him and she got her arms around his neck. Her lips found his mouth and she crushed herself to him.

As if voluntarily, his arms went around her and his hands on her bare flesh were like some sweet fire sending tremors of ecstasy through her. She was breathless as Johnny pulled his mouth away from hers. She felt his breathing deepen as he said, "Dell honey, I didn't know

you felt like this." Pearley didn't say anything but pulled him toward the bed and pushed him onto it, taking his shoes off. But she thought, *Dell, hell, I'll show you!*

He started to get up but she pushed him back. "Dell honey, this ain't right. You and Pearley . . . well, you and Pearley . . ." But he didn't go on because Pearley was beside him and kissing him again. His breathing grew deeper and his hands found her bare flesh in the darkness and he didn't think any further than that, she knew.

Quickly she undressed him and lay close to him in the dark, feeling the hard muscles of his body against her. His hands found her breasts and then he was kissing her throat and belly and she forgot her annoyance at his not recognizing her body in the dark. The excitement grew between them until she felt the sweetness of him run through her like a great hot blade and she moaned with the ecstasy of it. Clapping him tightly to her, she flung her body wildly and with a bruising rhythmic force against his until they were completely lost in the act of love.

She came slowly back to herself with the feeling of completion she'd been wanting from Johnny for such a long time. Johnny lay breathing deep and quiet and Pearley knew he was asleep. She never loved him more than in that moment but she was still annoyed that he thought she was Dell.

She gently moved away from him and out of bed. Going to Dell's dresser she found the bath oil and nearly laughed aloud as she rubbed it over her breasts and belly and down her thighs. Then she went back to bed and slipping beside Johnny moved against him.

He awoke as she put her arms around him and said "Dell, honey, hand me a cigarette." Pearley said nothing but pulled him to her and he put his arms around her. Suddenly he felt the sensuous smoothness of the oil between them and stopped dead still a moment.

"Dell?" he said, his voice rising. "Dell!" then he started to jump out of bed but Pearley had a death grip around his neck and she locked her legs around his belly. "You ain't Dell!" he shouted, and tried to turn the bedlamp on but it wouldn't work. "Pearley! It's you!"

"You big sweet bastard," she yelled. "Sure it's me!"

Frantically Johnny tried to get loose from her but she held on tight. "Pearley, take it easy, I can explain . . ."

His voice was scared and placating.

Pearley laughed until she was weak. "You big sweet jackass, how could I be sore at you? You can't even tell one woman from another in the dark unless she's got oil on her belly."

Johnny began to laugh too. "Well, honey, a man sure don't expect to find his wife in no whorehouse, neither."

"Baby, when you come home, I'll be there but if you don't I'll find you one way or another, you can bet on that."

Johnny held her tight. "Honey, I'll be home from now on." Pearley sighed, she knew he believed it but she also knew that the flesh was weak, but she didn't care now, she had him back and she knew Flora would think twice before she made another pass at him. She sighed contentedly and kissed him, feeling the heat rise between them as the oil on her body spread to his.



MISCHIEF ON HER MIND

No matter how demure and chaste, every girl has one compartment of herself which is labeled:

"MISCHIEF—BEWARE—DANGEROUS IF NOT HANDLED RIGHT."

Mischief is part play, part malice—it's in the orchid teasing glance, the raquish whisper, the almost imperceptible way she winks an eye at you when she thinks you're looking. Mischief is what every girl loves but will never admit to.

Here's Marilyn Maher—a girl with lots of mischief on her mind.





Among other things, the dictionary avers, mischief is "conduct such as to cause petty annoyance by way of sport." While those wouldn't be our exact words for what Marilyn's got on her mind, the phrase "by way of sport" strikes close enough to home.

Perhaps it's just imagination, but it seems to us that here's a girl who couldn't annoy anyone if she tried. Mischievous she may well be—and we have no doubt that she scores well in the sporting sense of the word. But how could those tender eyes or delicate hands annoy you? Perhaps it's high time the dictionary definition be revised to read: "conduct such as to cause delightful anticipation and a warm tingle in the scalp by way of sport."

Mr. Webster and colleagues, please copy.



A WAY OF MAKING LOVE

(continued from page 15)

But he wasn't going to get it that way, and I sat and did not say anything at all. He could wait till closing time. I didn't care. The main thing was that at the end I didn't ever want him to think it was his doing. He was going to work for me. You could be sure of that, and somewhere along the line he would know it in a big way himself. So I just kept shut up. He waited for me three minutes and then he quit waiting.

"You don't talk," he said.

"No," I said.

"I'll go, then," he said.

"All right." But he didn't go. Instead he swung his legs around on the bench and began playing with a matchbook, smiling a little and looking at me sideways.

"Have you ever thought about why you are this way?" he said.

"Are you going to tell me I'm repressed?" I said. He got annoyed and I laughed at him.

"Give me credit for more subtlety than that," he said.

"What for?" I said. "That's all the subtlety you've got."

It did not confuse him. "All right, the hell with it." He scowled. "Drink your beer. No, don't drink your beer. You'll think I'm trying to get you drunk."

"Aren't you?"

He did not want to take a chance on another lie and he looked me right in the face very sincerely. "Yes I am," he said. "Indeed I am."

He was getting worried about his pride. He knew I was going for it, but he didn't believe that I could get it. I would though. Anyway he was curious, and he would

stick. I decided there wasn't any point in messing around any longer. I did not want to have to drink too much beer. I stood up. "Okay," I said. "Let's go."

He looked astonished. He didn't believe it. But he wasn't going to say anything that might spoil it, and he stood up also and followed me out into the street. When we got outside he grabbed my hand and squeezed it. "Tell me who you are," he said. He wanted to put it poetically.

I took my hand away from him. "You don't need to do that, and you don't need to talk. We're just going up to my place and do it, is all."

He let go and stopped walking. I didn't stop. I would make him come back to me. There was a liquor store in the next block. "You could buy a pint of whiskey there," I said, not turning my head.

He came back up alongside of me. He didn't say anything but when we got to the store he went in. I stood outside looking away across the street. He came out carrying the bottle in a paper bag. "Look, you don't have to do this if you don't want to."

"I know," I said. I turned and he came along with me. We went along the street not saying anything and then up the stairs, three flights, to my room. I turned on the light. He leaned against the bureau, picking at the plastic stuff around the bottle cap.

"Where are you from?" he said.

"Give me a cigarette," I said.

He gave me one. "Why don't we go over to my place? I'll play you some records." He looked around the room. It wasn't much of a place. There was just a bed and a table and a chair and a bureau. There was no closet. I had to hang my clothes on a hook behind the door, or else put them in the bureau. It didn't make any difference. When I got pregnant I would move some place decent.

"Open the bottle," I said.

He did, and we each had a swallow. I felt okay. I had him opened up and I figured it wouldn't get too bad until he actually touched me. Then after that it would be quick. I hoped he wasn't too drunk.

I lay down in the middle of the bed with my head propped up, so he couldn't get too close. He sat down at the foot, and looked at me. Then he took a drink and handed me the bottle. I drank a small one. I figured that was enough; too much more and I would be sick from the liquor. A couple of times that had happened. It was all right if I got sick afterwards because it helped me to forget what they looked like; but if it happened before I couldn't get it done.

He waited a minute, looking at me. I saw him swallow and he reached around to rub my leg. It scared me. I didn't feel so safe any more. I could only stand it for a minute and I moved my leg. "Don't do that," I said. "It tickles." It was a bad excuse, but it was the only one I could think of in a hurry. I figured he would know that, and he would know that he had moved me.

He took his hand away. "What are you trying to prove?" he said.

I was going to answer him, but I was going to put the hook into him first. I was going to put the hook in his mouth and then I was going to make him swallow it way deep down inside him where he couldn't spit it out.

I stood up and took off my clothes. He was still sitting on the edge of the bed. I looked at him all the time. He





"He hasn't been broken to the bottle yet."

was watching my body. He didn't look at my face. He was ashamed that he was not thinking about love. When I was undressed he stood up.

"I told you you didn't have to," he said.

"I know. I don't have to do anything." I bent down and rubbed him through his pants. He put his hands on my shoulders to pull me up, and I knew the hook was cutting him. I just turned away and lay down on my back on the bed. "Light me a cigarette," I said.

He took one from his pack. His hands were trembling. I took a couple of drags and he sat down beside me on the bed, leaning over to kiss me. I pushed him back. "No kisses," I said.

He stood up. "What's the matter?" His hand was shaking on his belt buckle.

"Should I tell you?"

He looked sore. "I wish you would."

"You're a studhorse. I'm going to use you for a stud."

He looked at me, wrinkling his forehead. "You're allowed to have love. Women are allowed to have love nowadays."

"That's all right. You're going to be a stud."

He lit a cigarette for himself. "I've been to whore-houses," he said.

"This is free, though. You can even take your pint home."

"Then you're a bitch." He said it quietly because he was afraid I might get angry and put on my clothes.

"No. Bitches get heated up." That was the last thing I need to explain. He had no more consolations left.

He dropped his cigarette on the floor and smashed it with his heel. "Okay," he said. "No thanks." But he didn't move and I didn't say anything. After a minute he picked up the bottle and picked at the label.

"Okay," I said. "It's up to you."

Still he stood there. I moved my leg a little and put the cigarette on the edge of the table. The smoke stirred around it when I moved my hand away.

He came clumsily, not looking at me, and when he had his head down where he couldn't see my face I made my skin tight and stuck my teeth down into my lip, just to stand it till the end; just to stand it for the twentieth time or however many times it was I stood it before so that I could get my baby, my baby who was going to be the thing that loved me and that I loved.

It seemed to be taking a long time. Suddenly my teeth went into my lip and I could taste the blood. That helped, and I lay still until the pleasure started to come to him. He lifted up his head to look at me and I reached over and picked up my cigarette and took a long drag. He clearly saw that. The pain and puzzlement and the hatred went back and forth across his face until there was nothing left of him but muscles bunching up; and I was paid off just a little for the way he was humiliating me.

THESE WOMEN I REMEMBER

(continued from page 51)

edly ugly, and considered by everyone as something of a monster. She used to come to the well, as is the custom of the peasant women, to fill her jug, to do her washing, and to gossip. The well was situated at the foot of a steep declivity around which there wandered a goat-like path. In every direction there were thick shady olive groves broken here and there by ravines which formed the beds of mountain streams which in summer were completely dried up. The well had an extraordinary fascination for me; it was a place reserved for the female beast of burden, for the strong, buxom virgin who could carry her jug of water strapped to her back with grace and ease, for the toothless hag whose curved back was still capable of sustaining a staggering load of firewood, for the widow with her straggling flock of children, for the servant girls who laughed too easily, for wives who took over the work of their lazy husbands, for every species of female, in short, except the grand mistress or the idle English women of the vicinity. When I first saw the women staggering up the steep slopes, like the women of old in the Bible, I felt a pang of distress. The very manner of strapping the heavy jug to the back gave me a feeling of humiliation. The more so because the men who might have performed this humble task were more than likely sitting in the cool of a tavern or lying prone under an olive tree. My first thought was to relieve the young maid at our house of a minor task; I wanted to feel one of those jugs on my own back, to know with my own muscular aches what that repeated journey to the well meant. When I communicated my desire to Durrell he threw up his hands in horror. It wasn't done, he exclaimed, laughing at my ignorance. I told him it didn't matter to me in the least whether it was done or not done, that he was robbing me of a joy which I had never tasted. He begged me not to do it, for his sake—he said he would lose caste, that the Greeks would laugh at us. In short, he made such a point of it that I was obliged to abandon the idea. But on my rambles through the hills I usually made a point of stopping at the well to slake my thirst. There one day I espied the monster with the six toes. She was standing in her bare feet, ankle deep in mud, washing a bundle of clothes. That she was ugly I could not deny, but there are all kinds of ugliness and hers was the sort which instead of repelling attracts. To begin with she was strong, sinewy, vital, an animal endowed with a human soul and with indisputable sexual powers. When she bent over to wring out a pair of pants the vitality in her limbs rippled and flashed through the tattered and bedraggled skirt which clung to her swarthy flesh. Her eyes glowed like coals, like the eyes of a Bedouin woman. Her lips were blood red and her strong even teeth as white as chalk. The thick black hair hung over her shoulders in rich, oily strands, as though saturated with olive oil. Renoir would have found her beautiful; he would not have noticed the six toes nor the coarseness of her features. He would have followed the rippling flesh, the full globes of her teats, the easy, swaying stance, the super-abundant strength of her arms, her legs, her torso; he would have been ravished by the full, generous slit of the mouth, by the dark and burning

glance of the eye, by the massive contours of the head and the gleaming black waves which fell in cascades down her sturdy, columnar neck. He would have caught the animal lust, the ardent unquenchable, the fire in the guts, the tenacity of the tigress, the hunger, the rapacity, the all-devouring appetite of the oversexed female who is not wanted because she has an extra toe.

Anyhow, Renoir apart, there was something in this woman's smile which the sight of the young girl at the base of the Acropolis revived. I said it was the nearest approximation to that enigmatic quality engraved in the countenance of the girl with the reddish gold hair. By that, paradoxical though it may sound, I mean that it was wholly antipodal. The monster might well have been one to give birth to that startling figure of beauty; she might because in her starved dream of love her embrace had spanned a void beyond the imagination of the most desperately love-lorn woman. All her powers of seduction had been driven back into the coffin of sex where, in the darkness of her loins, passion and desire burned to a thick smoke. Disclaiming all hope of seducing man her lust had turned towards forbidden objects of desire—towards the animals of the field, towards inanimate things, towards objects of veneration, towards mythological deities. Her smile had in it something of the intoxication of parched earth after a sudden and furious downpour; it was the smile of the insatiable one to whom a thousand burning kisses are only the incentive to renewed assaults. In some strange and inexplicable fashion she has remained in my memory as the symbol of that hunger for unbounded love which I sensed in a lesser degree in all Greek women. It is almost the symbol of Greece itself, this unappeasable lust for beauty, passion, love.



STICKMAN'S LAUGHTER

(continued from page 46)

"How do I feel?" he asked hopelessly. And then he began getting mad.

"I don't know," the stickman answered solemnly, "but you look like the wrath of God."

Banty rolled up his left sleeve to the shoulder. The muscle was tattooed with a pair of boxing gloves. He flexed the gloves in front of the stickman.

"What's that for?" the stickman asked.

"That's the Army," Banty explained.

He stood a moment, thinking it all over, rolling up the other sleeve to expose the right muscle. That one was tattooed with a broken heart.

"What's that for?" someone that sounded like Punch-drunk Murphy asked on his other side.

"That's the Navy," Banty explained. But his voice sounded intimidated to his own ear when he felt Murphy's fingers grip his arm, urging him through the shadowed door, and he went humbly.

When Banty tried his own back door, the knob turned easily. The light he had left in the bedroom was out. He sensed her lying awake in the dark, worrying about where



he'd been with the rent. Knowing that she did not speak because she did not want him lying to her, knowing that she could tell where he'd been, by his movements, without making him lie like a schoolboy. Sometimes he almost wished she'd asked foolish questions like other women did. And get fooled by the answers, too.

He undressed in the kitchen, wishing that there were a front room with one of those fancy red plush sofas in it so he could crawl onto it on nights like this and pretend to her, in the morning, that he'd been too drunk to know where he was lying down, he couldn't remember a thing. "I'd like to set on plush anyhow," he thought wonderingly. "I never set on plush in my life. I bet she'd like settin' on plush too."

"Banty!"

As though she'd read his mind. As though they had a plush couch and he'd been planning to evade her for a few hours with it. He did not reply. Maybe she'd ask him something foolish just this once, and he'd give her an answer as mocking as the stickman's laughter.

"You went out of the house 'n left all the lights on and the back door wide open."

"I thought somebody'd come in 'n leave us somethin'—Ha! Ha!"

His laughter broke. It hadn't sounded like the stickman's after all.

He stood in the bedroom doorway in his long workman's underwear, shifting on his naked feet. She sat up and pulled on the light.

"What's the matter with you? Quit disguisin' your eyes. There. Look at me. You look drunk. Come over here."

She certainly had her own way of putting things, the old woman. He took his hands off his eyes, ceasing the

pretense of shielding them from the light, and wished humbly again that he were a Polak, feeling somehow that that would fix everything. He tried to think whether Punchdrunk Murphy were a Polak, but couldn't decide. If he were just a Polak, things like this wouldn't be happening to him week in and week out.

Every time you saw in the papers that some guy was going to the chair, he was Italian. Why didn't they fry a Greek or a Swede for a change?

"Are you coming to bed or are you going to stand there on one foot all night?"

When she saw him shuffling toward her she switched off the light, and lay back waiting for him in the dark. When he reached the bed he had only to wait for her to take his head on her breast.

That's the kind of old woman Banty had himself.

"My fault," she assured him softly, like a storyteller making up stories to put a child to sleep. "I knew it was payday but I went out just the same. No supper for poor Banty either. Poor Banty. Lost all his money and no supper either. Wanted to go to community singing and got hisself drunk up instead."

She felt his tenseness lessening. Felt his tears between the shadowed valley of her breasts. And knew they were for her.

His body jerked a little, once, as it relaxed toward sleep. She held him so, watching the dim carnations of the wall, till his breath began coming regularly and untroubled. When his hand clutched at hers in sleep she smiled a little; she could feel the place in the hand where the knuckles had jammed.

So nothing important had been lost after all.

A BELLE FOR BENNY

(continued from page 20)

and nobody ever did, and right there a pall would come over the conversation. We had no doubt that old Benny had come to some horrible end.

The years passed. Silger went into advertising. Q went into a lab. Bates, as I've said, became a cop. And the last I heard of Fondren, the psychology major, he was working on a construction gang somewhere in Louisiana. I myself went into an interesting but embarrassing line which is nobody's business. It was not until last week that I heard of Benny Cohoon again, and then I saw him.

It was in New York City, on the late afternoon of a very rainy day. He was standing under the canopy at the Plaza, waiting for a cab. I almost didn't recognize him. He was dressed in a rich black overcoat and a grey homburg. You could smell the expense several yards off. That couldn't be Benny. But it was. I could tell from the glasses and the look of the eyes through the thick lenses. I stopped and stared at him. And then I noticed that on his arm, obviously with him, was one of the most beautiful girls in creation.

I went up to him. I introduced myself and he peered at me for a long moment. I saw that his eyes had grown, if possible, weaker. But then when he recognized me he was delighted.

"Well, by George, old boy," he said happily, in clipped, sweet, vibrant tones, "how are you how are you?" and turned to the girl and mentioned something about having been at school together. I didn't say anything much. I just looked at the girl. And thought about "old boy."

He took me by the arm and insisted I accompany him in the cab. He only had a few moments, very important conference, but he *had* to spend them with me. I told him I'd always wondered what had happened to him. He smiled very diplomatically, a trace of the old boyishness still there, and damned himself for not having written. But so busy. You know how it is. He asked about the other boys and then I gradually got him around to himself.

He didn't tell me all of it but from what he said I gathered the rest. Claire's father, it appeared, owned every bottle cap, or shower cap, or something-cap in the country. It was a quiet Boston family, you know the type, no vulgar displays of wealth, that Benny Cohoon, as innocent as we ourselves, had married into by force.

The building we stopped at, where Benny got out, was a newspaper building. I gathered without his having to tell me that it was his. All his.

I had time for one question, just as he was asking me to a cocktail party we both knew I would never attend. I looked at the blonde and then asked about Claire.

"Claire?" he said, surprised. "Why, she's upstate, minding the children. Great shape, the old girl." Then he saw me eyeing the blonde and understood. "Oh, this," he said cheerfully. "Oh, Claire doesn't mind. She understands. Right from the beginning, you know, I was always an over-passionate devil."

He guffawed and went into the building, his own building, and his own blonde trailed dutifully in behind him.

I must write to the boys.

OO

BETTER TIMES ARE COMING!

Insure your future reading pleasure by becoming a charter subscriber to **THE DUDE**—The Magazine Devoted to Pleasure. If you liked this issue as well as we think you did, you'll curl up with delight at the next . . . and the next . . . and the next. We're getting bigger and better all the time—and we want you along with us on our next pleasure trip.

Every day, more people are saying: "There's nothing quite like **THE DUDE**." We know you'll agree when your charter subscription begins. Write us now and say . . .

I want to become a charter subscriber to **THE DUDE**.

(check one) ☐ Please send me six issues for \$3.

☐ Please send me twelve issues for \$6.

Name

Address

D-3

City

Zone

State

Remittance must accompany order

THE DUDE

19 West 44th Street

New York 36, N.Y.



ERIC MOTT GOES TO TEXAS

(continued from page 27)

service in night clubs . . . you know, when the girl comes about and takes pictures, but I've never heard of this sort of thing. You Texans certainly think of everything."

"You ain't kiddin', buddy," the photographer announced. He rolled the film and pocketed the roll.

"When can we see a copy?" Eric asked.

Tina stared at the photographer. "You sure you have this figured, Buck?"

Buck nodded.

"This roll of film will cost you a thousand smackers, buddy."

"Egad!"

"That's right. One thousand nice little old green . . ."

Eric ignored him. "Tina," he said, "doesn't that sound a bit exorbitant?"

She smiled, getting into her dress.

"I think that's entirely out of line," Eric said.

"Sure," Buck said, "or I can mail this to your wife. How would you like that?"

Eric began to laugh. Of course! *Why hadn't he seen it before?*

Buck and Tina frowned.

"You want me to mail it, or do you fork over the grand?"

"You may as well mail it," Eric said with a shrug.

The two exchanged looks.

"This doesn't figure," Tina said, zipping up her dress.

"It sure don't. Look, buddy, we ain't kiddin'. How would you like for your wife to see this picture of you and the babe in . . ."

"I think," Eric said thoughtfully, "she would relish the opportunity."

"He's bluffing," Buck said angrily. "Either you fork over or I mail this tonight."

Eric shrugged, his eyes lingering on Tina. It was such a pity.

Buck stormed from the room, slamming the door loudly.

"Please," Tina said. "I can stop him. If you want to be protected, I'll make him take five hundred."

"Tina," Eric said, "what you people failed to learn was that my wife is dead. I tried to explain about the Hydrogen Bomb. That happened the day I dropped her down the laundry chute . . ."

"You what?"

"Yes . . . you see, she was dead and I had a guest coming, so I called the police and they said to drop her down the chute . . . and then . . ."

"You're nuts!" Tina said inching toward the door.

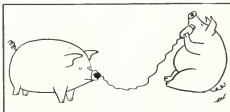
"I may be. It has been questioned by leading psychiatrists all over the country. They aren't entirely in agreement. But she just died, you see. I didn't . . ."

"Oh brother!" Tina exclaimed.

"Well," Eric said, "sorry it turned out this way. I mean I think you have fantastic possibilities. I mean this Hydrogen Bomb . . ."

"You're serious. She's really dead. You aren't bluffing."

"No," Eric said again, wondering why it was that people so often seemed utterly incapable of understanding the simplest of explanations.



Tina moved dejectedly to the door. "So long," she said.

Eric returned to the room and poured himself a drink. It was so sad. What Buck had said was true. The biggest and the best really belongs to Texas. If only . . . but then, they had taken him for a dunce. How ridiculous can it get? he wondered.

He took his evening meal in the room. He was disgusted with Texas now. He would leave in the morning for California. Maybe California has the next best, he thought.

Eric watched the sun go down, Tina's perfume lingering in the suite. At eight he was about to retire when he heard a very timid knock.

"Come in," Eric said.

The door opened slowly, revealing the dark, tall woman.

"I don't want to buy the pictures," Eric said immediately.

The woman closed the door and moved toward him, the eyes glowing, the dark skin rippling beneath the dress.

"I know you don't," she said.

"Then why do you . . ."

She fell at his knees and locked her arms about his legs. It was very tender.

"I just want to experiment," she said.

"But your friend . . ."

"I got rid of him. Just a low thief . . . that's all he is."

"I don't know," Eric said. "This might be another . . ."

The amazon climbed up his legs and pulled herself to her full height. She hugged him fiercely. "Don't you understand?" she asked. "I liked the Hydrogen Bomb." She left him and locked the door. "See . . . nobody to bother us."

Eric felt lifted. "Well," he said trying to be casual, "in the interest of science, I don't see how I can refuse . . ."

"Ummmmmmmmmmmm," she said, sinking toward him.

Eric began to smile. She swayed like a cobra above him. But a charmed one, he had to admit. "There is this adaptation to the Bomb," he said.

"Oh yes . . ."

"We might . . ."

"Ooooooooooooooh yes!"

Eric allowed himself to be led away. Texas, after all, he thought, had a right to be boastful. The biggest . . . and the best . . . and gracious knows . . . the most!

HEY, THERE, SAROYAN

(continued from page 7)

The bartender clutched her shoulder. "There he is now."

She turned, her heart singing.

Mortimer Snodgrass entered the saloon. He was big and tall and very handsome with his brick red hair and his huge buck teeth. "Howdy, Natasha."

"Mortimer."

They embraced.

The bartender beamed. "Tell him. Tell him."

"Mortimer," she said, backing away, "you don't know the real me."

"The real you? By gum, Natasha, why, sure, ah do. You-all is my own little corn pone honeychile."

"I'm none of these things. I—I sell my body."

"You do? Piece by piece?"

"I'm a prostitute."

"A who?"

"A prostitute. I sell my body."

"Ya mean like ma sister Emmy Lou?"

"Yes."

"Well, why'n't ya say so before? Lemme sneak ya into Fort Dix, corn pone. We can make a pile of sugah."

"You—you don't mind?"

"Mind? Gosh, no, Natasha. In fack, ah love ya for it. Ya is a real woman."

They embraced and walked out.

The bartender beamed after them. "Love," he said to himself. "It's wonderful."

The old man came up timidly to the bar. "Watchin' them tramps drink that beer made me so gosh darn thirsty—"

"Say no more, friend. Whatever you want. My heart is full of gladness and cheer." He poured whiskey for the old man. "Love conquers all. Love of man for woman. Love of man for man. Still love. A universal thing. A thing of poetry and trees and flowers and beauty. What would we do without love?"

"The world would be in an awful mess," the old man said.

"Have another drink. Get those tramps over here. Let's all have another drink. Let's get roaring drunk."

They all had another drink and sang:

"A wandering minstrel I, A thing of shreds and patches, of ballads, songs, and snatches, and dreamy lullaby! My catalogue is long, thro' every passion ranging, And to your humours changing I tune my supple song!"

∞∞

THERE'S A TIME FOR EVERYTHING . . .

And right now—before it's too late—it's time for

YOU

to discover the new password to mature, sparkling reading enjoyment—

Gent

Created with your pleasure in mind, each issue of **THE GENT** brings you the best of today's writing, the loveliest of today's women.

In the current issue, now on your newsstand, you'll find:

Fiction by Nelson Algren, Jean-Paul Sartre, Calder Willingham

An unforgettable photo sequence on The Language of Love

A Gent's-eye view of fun-loving, uninhibited Copenhagen

A special portfolio featuring Belgium's lovely Monique van Vooren

All this, and much more,
in the December issue of . . .



BUY
IT
TODAY!





"My name is Mike, what's yours?"

it's never too late to . . .

enter that special girl you know in the MISS DUDE contest! A new winner will be selected for each issue of THE DUDE. Help us find her and we'll whisk her to New York for a glorious, pleasure-full week, during which she'll visit the famous night spots and fine restaurants, go everywhere the pace of pleasure is at its highest—and don't forget the luscious photographic layout that will record your trip forever. All as the guest of THE DUDE!



MISS DUDE of the month

- HERE'S HOW:**
1. Just put your heads together. Fill out the coupon below and send it to us.
 2. All entries must be submitted on this coupon. NO others will be considered.
 3. MISS DUDE candidates must be at least eighteen years of age.
 4. Every entry must be accompanied by at least one full-length photograph of the girl of your choice—the more photographs the merrier, but photos cannot be returned.
 5. Final selections will be made by a distinguished panel of judges selected by the publishers of THE DUDE.

AND REMEMBER THIS: Any girl may enter herself as a candidate. You don't need a man to do it for you. Girls can enter girls, too... For a preview of what awaits each winner, turn to page 31.

Board of Judges **MISS DUDE Contest**

19 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York

(Date)

Gentlemen:

I nominate (name).....as a candidate for the **MISS DUDE** Contest.

Her age.....Her street address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

My name.....

Street address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

If you're a girl, entering yourself, check here: ☐

I think this girl would make the ideal **MISS DUDE** because:

Her measurements are attractive: Height.....Weight.....Bust.....Waist.....Hips.....

She has an interesting, charming personality: Occupation.....Favorite hobbies.....

(check one) ☐ Single ☐ Going steady ☐ Married

And I know she would love to win the MISS DUDE contest because.....

I'm enclosing pictures of her to show you what I mean. Hope she wins!

Signature





... reflection

ORK
HIP

Hey, There, Saroyan!

These Women I Remember

Why I Love Finnish Baths

A Belle for Benny

Eric Mott Goes to Texas

A Way of Making Love

